

T H E
Buck's Merry Companion.

A N E N T I R E
NEW and CHOICE COLLECTION

Of the most excellent, joyous
SONGS, CATCHES and CANTATAS,

Sung by several SELECT SOCIETIES of
BLOODS, || CHOICE SPIRITS,
BUCKS, || and
MERRY FELLOWS, || Celebrated GENIUSSES.

And a much greater Variety of
Droll Originals than were ever published in any
Collection before.

A L S O
Plain Directions for Singing with a good Grace,
By which a Person of a BAD VOICE, may render himself
AGREEABLE. And such as have a TOLERABLE ONE
will shine to the UTMOST ADVANTAGE.

To which is added

A NEW COLLECTION of BUCKISH TOASTS.

Many of which were wrote on purpose for this Work.

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. Cook, at the Shakespear, in Pater-noster-Row,
[Price One Shilling and Six-pence Bound,]



D
T
can
ence
gibl
man
are
can
artif
stile
gene
to fi

'T
cifel
key
eleg
from

N
your
impe
an
whic
cure
prad

DIRECTIONS for SINGING.

THOUGH the first requisite to make the accomplish'd singer be a fine Voice, yet I can boldly affirm, by the observation and experience of several years, that there are many incorrigible bawlers with sweet melodious pipes, and as many entertaining performers in th' vocal way, who are under no great obligations to nature. This can be accounted for no otherwise, than by an artificial conduct of the voice, or what is usually filed a Manner. What Matt. Prior says of life in general, may be, with great propriety, apply'd to singing.

Beyond the fin'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better sort should set before 'em

A GRACE a MANNER a DECORUM.

'Tis not merely singing in time and tune, and precisely observing the pedantic dictates of Mr. Ticklekey the musick master, but there must be an ease, an elegance, a taste; which, however natural, may, from the subsequent rules be improved.

R U L E I.

NEVER be ask'd twice to sing; for to be over squeamish in that particular favours of low breeding and ill manners, and is impolitick too: for 'tis always dangerous to rise an expectation beyond the scale of satisfaction; which precaution, I hope, will be an infallible cure for all fictitious colds, hoarsenesses, want of practice, &c.

R U L E II.

AS poetry and music are sister arts, they certainly ought not to be enemies to each other; it is therefore absolutely necessary that ladies and gentlemen should sing distinctly and intelligibly, so that the words may be comprehended, and that the sense is not quaver'd away by the sound.

R U L E III.

AS it is the business of the composer to make the sound an echo to the sense, so it is the business of the singer also, with this addition, that his gesture, as well as his voice, be accordant to every note.

R U L E IV.

AS there is a satiety in all things, or (to use the vulgar phrase) as too much of one thing is good for nothing, it is highly requisite to know when to finish with grace; for though it is bad to be ask'd *twice* to sing, it is still worse to be ask'd *once* to hold your peace.

I shall conclude these instructions with a few lines from my friend Horace, which are a Satire upon the singers of his time :

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus inter amicos,
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
Injussi nunquam desistant. lib. I. Sat. III.

Nay 'tis the same with all the coxcomb crew,
Of singing men, and singing women too;
Do they not set their cat-calls up of course?
The king himself may ask them 'till he's hoarse;
But would you spilt their wind-pipes and their lungs.
The fairest wav's to bid them hold their tongues.



CONTENTS.

A

	Page
A Ngels from your spheres descend	22
As musing I strayed, perchance, t'other day	33
A pretty French milliner ow'd me some money	37
As I chanc'd to be roving one night in the dark	37
A plague o' these wenches, they make such a pother,	39
A charming girl there lives in town,	39
As Damon late with Cloe sat,	41
As wit, joke and humour together were sat,	42
As Joe the sandman drove his noble team	75
Attend unto my prate, fir,	76
As upright and strait as my post is the fair,	78
Away, away,	112
A shepherd kept sheep on a hill so high, fa, la la, &c.	126
A Jolly young fishmonger liv'd in the Strand,	139

B 3

CONTENTS

vi

B

	Page
B RISK wine makes us gay, and 'tis beauty leads on	35
Brother bucks all attend to the theme I shall sing,	44
By the side of a green stagnate pool,	45
By Bacchus and Cupid assisted, we'll sing	79

C

C OME let's be merry, let's be airy,	29
Condemn not ye critics, my song, nor yet marvel,	47
Come, come, ye choice spirits, together resort,	50
Come hither, come hither, ye languishing swains,	51
Come lasses and lads, take leave of your dadds,	81
Come Roger, and listen to where I have been,	85
Come, follow, follow me	112
Come all ye jolly Bacchanals,	125

D

D icky I love, and I'm fond of thy name,	105
---	-----

F

F Lower of this purple dye,	115
For a shape and an air sure never was seen,	116
Fill your glasses, banish grief,	128

G

CONTENTS.

vii

G

Page		Page
35	G OOD folks give attention, I'll make you all smile	68
44	Go view the rose in all it's pride	20
45	Go, lovely rose,	129

H

29	H OW pleasing dear wedlock, appear thy domains!	11
47	Hark! hark! o'er the plains what glad tumult we hear	16

I

51	I Vow I'll scream don't think I feign	27
81	If Chloe's an angel, why does she torment?	52
85	I pray ye, gentles list to me,	88
112	In all mankind's promiscuous race	36

J

105	J OVE smiles approval from above	14
-----	---	----

K

115	K ingcup, daffodil and rose,	10
-----	-------------------------------------	----

L

116	L ET gay ones and great,	90
128	Led on by love.	134
G		M

M

M olly, thy rhimes have rekindled my ^{flame,}	Page 107
Moft noble duke, to us be kind	109
My goddeſs Lydia, heavenly fair	131

N

N O more to conduit houſe ſhall go	31
No more ſhall dull care	35
No more let ſorrow pain you,	132
Not Eden's garden did diſdain	133
Now Europe enjoys repoſe from her wars,	135

O

O LD care be gone thou churliſh gueſt	24
O the raptures of poſſeſſing	34
Oons ! neighbour, ne'er bluſh for a triſle like this	93
Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,	115

P

P Hilira's charms poor Damon took	26
Pleaſure, goddeſs all divine,	53
Pho ! pox o' this nonſenſe, I prithee give o'er,	73
Pr'ythee fill me the glaſs,	123

R

R ISE, riſe, brother bucks, ſee how ruddy's the morn,	93
Reſolv'd to love I Polly woo'd,	211

CONTENTS.

ix

S

Page		Page
107	SIGH no more lady, sigh no more,	115

T

131	TIS done ! 'tis done ! the work is done	18
109	The larks thril note awakes the morn	26
31	The girls of Killenny, so buxom and frisky	54
35	Twas dead of night, when, as historians say,	56
132	There was a jolly miller once,	90
133	The ecchoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,	95
135	The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear,	95
24	Tis too late for a coach,	124
34	Thus Damon knock'd at Cælia's door,	132
	Tis wine makes us love, and love makes us	
	drink	141
	To each hearty fellow	143

V

93	VERE is mine love, mine pretty Dam-	
115	moscina	59

U

26	UP and down, up and down,	124
----	---------------------------	-----

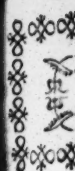
W

53	W Hile papers bedaubed by the foul venal	
73	quill	32
123	Why Cælia this constant upbraiding	28
dy's		
93		
211	When-	

	Page
Whene'er I meet my Cælia's eyes,	62
Was ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen	96
When humming brown beer was the English- man's taste,	97
While gentlefolks strut in their silks and sattins,	98
Wine, wine is alone the brisk fountain of mirth	103
With women and wine I defy ev'ry care,	108
Welcome, welcome to this Place,	114
When I was a girl I had often heard tell,	117
Whenever I wed I'll have all things my way,	119
What means my Cloe thus to frown	122
Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly full bowls	124
Whilst I'm carrousing to cheer up my soul	125
When all the tavern fires were dead	130
While on those lovely looks I gaze,	142

Y

Y outhful and buxom—such the will of fate	6
Young Celadon's mistress was wonderous coy	6
Ye bucks, and ye bloods, who're so jovial and gay,	6
Ye critics, I pray, be not piqu'd at my theme,	7
Young Strafron he went t'other day to the wake	10
Ye rakehell's so jolly,	10
Yes, yes, I know, you are he	11
You spotted snakes with double tongue,	11
Your musty old rules,	11



N



A new

a

TH

After

Mus

in V

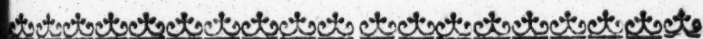
and

H

How so



C H O I C E
N E W S O N G S.



S O N G.

H Y M E N.

A new occasioned INTERLUDE, as it is performed
at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

The Overture composed by Mr. Potter.

After the Overture, the curtain rises to soft
Music, and discovers a Rural Scene, a Temple
in View, HYMEN asleep in a Bower, an Altar,
and a Torch unlit

The Music by Mr. ARNE, jun.

Enter C U P I D.

A I R.

HOW pleasing dear Wedlock, appear thy do-
mains !

How soft are thy fetters, how easy thy chains !

No

No pleasure on earth is so perfect as thine,
Thy joys with the virtuous are almost divine ;
For friendship and love here together unite
The raptures of sense with supernal delight.

R E C I T.

Hymen, awake !—The God of love attend !

H Y M E N rising.

R E C I T.

What cause propitious brings my dearest friend !

A I R.

Joy and pleasure great and free,
Fill my breast at sight of thee !
Tell me, gentle God of love,
Why you visit Hymen's grove,

C U P I D.

R E C I T.

Dreadful war, the human foe,
Leaves to peace the world below :
Discord quits the frightened land,
Banish'd by the victor's hand.

A I R

(13)

A I R.

See around in ev'ry grove,
Mirth, tranquility, and love ;
Take thy torch and golden carriage,
Now's the reign of love and marriage.

D U E T.

HYM. Love rewards the soldier best,
CUP. Hymen makes the virgin blest ;
Together { Then, O Venus, haste away,
For 'tis Hymen's holyday.

Enter V E N U S,

R E C I T.

Hymen, the sacred rites of love prepare !

H Y M E N.

I will.—but first, O queen, for whom declare !

V E N U S.

R E C I T.

For one divinely sent mankind to please,
Form'd to command with dignity and ease :
Of manners pleasing, God-like where he can,
A prince ! a hero, and a worthy man.

A I R

C

DUET

DUET. VENUS and CUPID.

What but lovely blooming youth,
Grac'd with all the charms of truth,
Fair with matchless elegance,
Can the hero recompense ?

Who around the spacious earth,
Bright with beauty, great by birth,
Should, but she, such merit, share,
Who's as virtuous as she's fair ?

The Music by Mr. POTTER.

V E N U S.

RECIT, Accompanied.

JOVE smiles approval from above,
And gratulates connubial love ;
Auspicious fate the union wills,
And in the pair sweet hope instills.

C U P I D lights the altar.

R E C I T.

The fire I've kindled ! light thy torch again ;

H Y M E N.

'Tis done ; and now we'll form the marriage
chain.

VENUS

V E N U S.

A I R.

Bless, O Jove, the pair we join,
 And with friendship love intwine;
 Realize their fancy'd hope,
 And to rapture give full scope;
 That they soon may feel with pleasure,
 Joys parental without measure.

RECIT. Accompanied.

Nymphs and shepherds, quick advance!
 Join the festive song and dance!
 He the kind, and she the fair,
 Blessing thus the happy pair.

Enter Nymphs and Shepherds,

F U L L C H O R U S.

We consign the bright pair,
 O great jove! to thy care:
 Deck them with honour's glorious crown,
 And make immortal joys their own.

A Pastoral Dialogue ; from a new Piece acted at
at Covent Garden Theatre, before their Ma-
jesties and the Prince and Princess of Brun-
swick, entitled, “ The ARCADIAN NUP-
TIALS.”

COLIN and PHILLIS.

COLIN.

HARK ! Hark ! o’er the plains what glad
tumults we hear !

How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear,
With myrtles and roses new deck’d are the
bowers,

And every bush bears a garland of flowers.

I can’t, for my life, what it means, under-
stand !

There’s some rural festival surely at hand,
Nor harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take
place —

But Phillis will you tell me the truth of the case.

PHILLIS.

The truth, honest lad !—why you surely should
know,

What rites are prepar’d in the village below ;
Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam’d and ador’d,
Weds Daphne, the sister of CORIN, our Lord,

That

That Daphne, whose beauty, good nature, and ease,
 [please :
 All fancies can strike, and all judgments can
 That CORIN — but praise must the matters give
 o'er.

You know what he is, and I need say no more.

C O L I N.

Young Thyrsis too claims, all that honour can
 lend.

His countryman's glory their champion and friend,
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts ;
 And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their
 hearts.

P H I L L I S.

But hence to the bridal, behold how they throng ;
 Each shepherd conducting his sweet heart along ;
 The joyous occasion, all nature inspires
 With tender affections, and chearful desires.

D U E T T O.

Ye powers, that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All gracious look down on the bridegroom and
 bride ;

That beauty and virtue, and valour may shine,
 In a race like themselves with no end to the line ;
 Let honour and glory, and riches, and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days :

And while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
Oh ! may they live easy as those in a cot.

SEMI-CHORUS of NYMPHS.

While the dancers are winding the wreath of flowers
about the bridegroom and bride:

Fast the blooming Virgin tie,
No thorns beneath the roses lie.

SEMI-CHORUS of SWAINS.

Round the Hero swiftly move !
Glory bind to sacred Love.

GRAND CHORUS *as the Dances conclude.*

Bless'd for ever may they be !
Ever bound, yet ever free.

The AIRS and CHORUSES in the RITES of HE-
CATE, a new entertainment, performed at
Dury-Lane theatre.

CHORUS.

'TIS done ! 'tis done—the work is done !

First MAGICIAN.

Recit. Has the victim shed its blood,
On the pile of hollow'd wood ?

Chorus. The blood is shed,
The victim's dead !

First MAGICIAN.

Recit. Do the busy flames arise,
From the quick consuming fire ?

Chorus.

Recit.

Chorus,

Full Ch

Recit.

Recit.

Recit.

Chorus.

Full Ch

Air.

Chorus. Quick from the fire
The flames aspire,

First MAGICIAN.

Recit. Are the herbs in order plac'd,
Baneful aconite the last ?

Chorus, 'Tis done, 'tis done !
Since the absence of the sun,
All the solemn work is done,

Full Chorus. Hecate ! Hecate ! Hecate !
Hecate triple goddesses hear !

First MAGICIAN.

Recit. Mighty in thy starry reign !

Second MAGICIAN.

Recit. Mighty in the earth's domain !

Third MAGICIAN

Recit. Mighty in hell's sable plain !

Chorus. Thy rites perform'd propitious hear,
And to our labours bend thine ear,

Full Chorus. Hecate ! Hecate ! Hecate !
Hecate ! triple goddesses hear !

First MAGICIAN.

Air. Queen of magic ! mighty pow'r !
Now's thy great, thy favourite hour !
Deep'ning fogs possess the ear,

Gath'ring fast o'er night's black noon,
 Quite expunge each feeble star,
 Half eclipse the pallid moon.
 Queen of magic, &c.

Full Chorus, Hecate ! Hecate ! Hecate !——hark,
 Thy watchful dogs incessant bark.

HECATE.

Recit. Welcome !——behold your Hecate rise !
 Pleas'd with th' alluring sacrifice ;
 Now, now the mystic dance prepare ;
 That done, while darkness wraps the
 sphere,
 We'll wing the regions of the air,

Air. From east to west, from north to south,
 In the wind's eye, the thunder's mouth,
 We'll ride triumphant ; blast ! confound !
 And hurl our potent spells around.

HECATE.

Recit. No more, no more——behold a friend !
 From yonder teeming moon descend !
 Young Harlequin ! a fav'rite child !
 By fancy, frolicksome and wild,
 Begot on pleasure, in a dream,
 Sleeping near a murm'ring stream.

Air. Child of fancy ! whither bending ;
 On this nether orb descending ?
 Vision of a finer nature,
 Mixing here with sordid creature.

Feast on beauty, all the blessing
That this earth has in possessing
Woman, for a while may charm thee.
All things else will strive to harm thee,
Go, with magic spell surrounded,
Scoff at danger, still unwounded ;
Then when fated here with pleasure,
To new climes transport thy treasure.

Fall Chorus. Let us haste ! let us fly, thro' the
realms of the sky !
Our magic skill i'th' air we'll show
While Harlequin shall reign below.

SHEPHERD.

Recit.

Dispute no more who sings the chearful lay,
Together we'll salute the smiling day !
Let each tun'd voice, its melting notes
combine ;
And, with consent, harmonious concord join,

SHEPHERD and SHEPHERDESSES,

Trio. Love and freedom crown the day !
Seize the blessings while you may !
Like the birds that hail the spring,
Sporting in a waltz ring,
Gaily dance, and sweetly sing.
Full of care and pain and strife,
Are the ev'ning hours of life ;

While

While the youthful minutes move,
 Now the blifs of freedom prove :
 Now enjoy the heav'n of Love.

Full Chorus.

Welcome to the regions bright,
 Fancy's offspring ! Prince of light !
 Purge thy earthly scum away,
 And revel in the blaze of day ;
 Fix upon this happy shore,
 Here thy beaoutous prize adore,
 And never, never wander more.

S O N G.

On the ROYAL NUPTIALS.

[Soft Music.]

ANGELS from your spheres descend !
 Tune your golden viols all !
 Heav'nly airs with earthly blend,
 At the muses powerful call.

Dawning virtues, lovely grace !
 Let th' harmonious choir display ;
 Lo ! yon nymph of royal race,
 Animates the breathing lay !

Search the rolls of hoary time,
 Some bright pattern thence derive,
 One whose excellence sublime
 In Augusta may revive !

R E C I T.

Swell, swell the note with Cassandana's-name !
 Of high extraction, and immortal fame !
 Media less gloried in her stretch of arms !
 Than in the royal Virgin powerful charms !
 O'er all th' admiring world her merits rung,
 And thus the eastern poets sweetly sung.

A I R.

With politeness gently grac'd,
 And with elegance of taste ;
 Yet from courtly foibles free ;
 With majestic beauty crown'd !
 More for solid sense renown'd,
 Heighten'd all by modesty !

C H O R U S.

Swell, swell the note with Cassandana's name !
 Raise high her trophies on the voice of fame !

R E C I T,

Kindred goodness still should pair ;
 Heav'n excites the mutual flame ;

Cyrus ! happy Persia's heir !
Su'd for love—and match'd the dame !

A I R.

Behold ! to our admiring eyes !
Another Cassandana rise !
Augusta ! of superior grace !
And loveliest of the lovely race !

C H O R U S.

Now swell the note with fair Augusta's name !
Raise high her trophes on the voice of fame !

R E C I T.

A second Cyrus heard the sound !
And came with blooming laurels crown'd !
Hear, thou happy, royal youth !
The pleasing voice of love and truth,
Attend, and hear the voice of fame,
Thus thy happiness proclaim.

S O N G.

The jovial BACCHANALIAN.

OLD care be gone thou churlish guest,
We've none but flowing bowls ;
Thou art the misers god alone,
Be gone ! we're none but souls !

Anacreo

Anacreon bids thee quit the shrine,
 Nor dare approach his school
 For wine inspires the soul of man,
 Then who wou'd drink by rule.

No turbid thoughts perplex the brain,
 We Cynic rules decline ;
 Give me your joyous drinking blades
 And cellars stor'd with wine.
 With grapes — my temples wreath around,
 A hogshead striding o'er
 A rummer fill'd with gen'rous wine,
 Ye gods I ask no more.

In triumph then oh ! how I'd quaff
 Amidst each toping son,
 I shou'd like Bacchus self appear,
 Astride the jolly tun,
 Now learned asses rail your fill,
 Your maxims we despise,
 If shunning wine is wisdom called
 Oh let me ne'er be wise.

The diff'rence view 'twixt sons of care,
 And lads of rosy hue,
 Your sober joy's are still the same,
 But drinking's ever new.

D

Go

Go on and level us with beast,
Great Bacchus we adore,
And free as air we'll drink and sing,
'Till time shall be no more.

S O N G.

The Lark's shrill Notes.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent at Vaux-hall.

THE lark's shrill notes awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn,
The yellow harvest safe from spoil,
Reward the happy farmers toil.
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

S O N G.

The C A U T I O N.

PHilira's charms poor Damon took,
How eager he for billing,
When lo ! the nymph, the swain forsook,
To shew her power of killing.
In either eye she sheath'd a dart,
He felt it, never doubt him ;
Odzooks a man were thro' the heart,
Ere he cou'd look about him,

But

But mark the end, with scyth so sharp,
 Time o'er the forehead struck her ;
 And all her charms began to warpe,
 She then was in a pucker.
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her time she pass'd no better ;
 Yet still had hopes ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.

Philira every lad she meets,
 Now makes an amorous tryal ;
 But each with scorn her warmth treats,
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquets, take warning, chuse your tune,
 This woeful case remember ;
 The bedfellow you slight in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

S O N G.

CHLOE'S LAP - DOG.

I Vow I'll scream dont think I feign,
 Said Chloe to her favourite swain ;
 As somewhat rude he grew,
 Nay fye, dear me, why there, then there,
 Now you are pleas'd, you'r mad I swear,
 Sit down you devil do.

Are these your tricks, the hand fir pray,
 I beg you'l take that hand away,
 Or I'll pinch you black, and blue ;
 Before mamma you look so grave,
 But now I find how you'd behave,
 Sit down you devil do.

Poor Veny saw the unequal fight,
 And bark'd for help, with all her might,
 To her fair mistress true :
 Till Chloe quite o'erpow'rd and weak,
 Cry'd with scarce strength enough to speak,
 Lye down you devil do.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. JAGGER, at Vauxhall.

WHY Celia this constant upbraiding,
 Why fretful and peevish complain,
 Gentle looks are my dear more perswading,
 To fix the fond heart of your swain ;
 By your beauty I swear I was joking.
 And forc'd from young Phœbe a kiss,
 Phaw, my dear, this is monstrous provoking,
 To take such a trifle amiss.

Give over nonsensical railing
 At ev'ry young girl of the town,

pray

Pray have you my dear no one failing,
 Remember your May day green gown.
 Do I say there was any hurt in,
 The frolic you had with young Will
 Or when you with Philander was flirting,
 And tripping it over the hill.

I never was fretful and teasing,
 When Roger you kifs'd—by mistake,
 I thought your dear self you was pleasing,
 When dancing with Tom of the wake.
 Pray child can you say that I lie,
 With Hodge on the mow you was seen,
 Where was you the nineteenth of July,
 With Harry that lives on the green.

Then cease prithee cease your reviling,
 No more of this wrangling and noise,
 But meet me with looks sweetly smiling,
 And never in loves richest joys.
 My heart is your own if you'll take it.
 But think not to treat it severe,
 By Bacchus you never shall break it.
 For in wine I will drown all my care.

S O N G.

COME, let's be merry, let's be airy ;
 'Tis a folly to be sad ;

For since the world's grown mad, mad, mad ;
Why should we alone be wise,
And like dull fools, and like dull fools, and like
 dull fools,
Gaze on other men's joys ?

Let not to-morrow bring you sorrow,
Whilst the stream of tide flows on ;
For when the blissful day is past,
Still endeavour that the next
Be full as gay, be full as gay, be full as gay,
And as little perplex'd.

If you have leisure, follow pleasure ;
Let not one hour of bliss pass by ;
For as the fleeting minutes fly ;
Time it will your youth decay :
Then strive to live, then strive to live, then strive
to live,
And be blest'd whilst you may.

If you have plenty, nought will torment you,
But yet yourself, yourself may annoy ;
Hearty and true are the poor man's joy :
Gladly yielding, the minutes pass.
But when old time three times
Shakes, he drinks off his glass.

CROMWELL'S GARDENS.

The Words by Mr. A. SMITH.

NO more to Conduit-house shall go,
 Each lad and lass, so trim ;
 Clay-hall the cit no more applaud,
 Nor Chelsea boast the Whim.
 To Brumpton now we'll all repair,
 'Tis Cromwell's shades invite :
 There art and nature are combin'd,
 And yield us new delight.

When you the circle first behold,
 (Such verdure blooms around,)
 You strait forget the common earth,
 And think it magic ground.
 There Strephon with his Celia goes,
 To pass a happy hour,
 While various sweets attractive spring
 And burst from ev'ry flow'r.

With her he sips his tea and chats,
 And tells the soothing tale ;
 While gentle Zephyrs fan the trees,
 * And neighb'ring sweets exhale.
 Pomona too bedecks the scene,
 As Flora does the ground :
 Great Bacchus spreads the circling vine,
 Such is this mazy round.

What

* Alluding to the many fine nurseries in and about Brumpton.

¶ What charm'd before is now eclips'd,
 'Tis Brumpton claims the song ;
 And Cromwell's gardens bears the belle
 With all the gay and young.
 Those rural scenes were surely made
 Alone for wine and love ;
 To Cromwell's due a softer name,
 Be't beauty's sweet alcove.

S O N G.

W H I L E papers bedaub'd by the foul venal
 quill,
 And rhyming-men couple the hill and the mill,
 And gripe goes to bed with his hoard .
 The toper forgets not to handle his glass,
 But fills to the brim—tho' he knows not the lass,
 I sing the sweet maid of the Ford.

In an age when old modesty's turn'd out of door,
 And each wife and maid, copy some elegant whore,
 And Thomas gets drunk with his lord :
 While Betty her ladyships wrath to appease
 Introduces a gallant, retir'd from these
 Lives happy the maid of the Ford.

¶ White Conduit House, Jenny's Whim, Bagnigge Wells. &c.

While

And the

W

While

And co

Gi

A girl g

Embelli

Suc

Whose b

I'm a ca

And

A S

Intranc

And

Such c

Wha

They

To n

wh

While bloods knock down watchmen, and bucks
fill the pit,

And the taylor be—Jemmy's some paper—scull'd cit
Where brains in abundance are stor'd ;

While reps swear like troopers, and demy—rep's
try,

And coquets cry to fribbles, la no fir—not I,
Give me the sweet maid of the Ford.

A girl great in virtue good nature and truth,
Embellish'd with graces, and blooming in youth,
Such blossoms as roses afford ;

Whose breast is a stranger to folly and pride,
I'm a candidate, fortune ! be thou on my side,
And elect me the man of the Ford.

S O N G.

N A N C Y.

AS musing I stray'd, perchance, t'other day,

My Nancy trip'd over the plain,
Intranc'd by her beauty, I flew to the maid,

And kiss'd her again and again :

Such charms neither Venus, nor Helen could boast,

Whatever the Poets may feign,

They may say what they will, they ne'er can
compare,

To my Nancy my hearts little queen.

Such

Such sweetness reigns in the face of the fair,
 She seems like an angel to me,
 I'm always unhappy when she's from my sight,
 She's never so pleasant and free.
 No Pride nor ambition take place in her breast,
 Her temper is ever serene,
 Engaging her converse and graceful the Air,
 Of Nancy my hearts little queen.

O witness ye powers how much I adore,
 With Nancy I never can part,
 Take counsel ye youths and rely on this truth,
 True love springs alone from the heart.
 No clouded suspicions my bosom possess
 Of rivals thro' jealousy's spleen,
 In her I confide she is faithful and kind
 My Nancy my hearts little queen.

S O N G.

Mr. *Beard.* O The raptures of possessing,
 Melting into beauty's arms.
 Miss *Young.* O the joy, the lasting blessing
 Which from honour takes its charm
 Mr. *Beard.* Love's soft flame shall gently warm
 thee.
 Miss *Young.* Love and honour both shall charm
 thee.

S O N G

S O N G.

The charms of BEAUTY and WINE.

Sung by Mr. HEEMSKIRK.

BRISK wine makes us gay, and 'tis beauty leads
on,

'Tis beauty leads on and with pleasure shall crown,
'Tis the sparkling champaign shall heighten our joy,
And the raptures, of Phillis that never can cloy.

'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.

In mirth and delight we'll frolick and play,
And jovial, and jovial we'll drink all the day,
With Bacchus and Cupid we'll frolick and play,
With cheeks red as roses or flowers in May.

'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.

Ye sons of dull care 'tis woman and wine,
Those blessings of nature and Jove's delights,
To man they were given to sooth the dull mind,
Then drink and be cheerful give grief to the wind,

'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.

S O N G.

NO more shall dull care
Our spirits impair

And make us look fallow and thin;
Jolly Bacchus to night

N G Shall his Mitimus write,
To send him to hell is no sin.

S O N G.

S O M E T H I N G N E W.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
 The sons of error urge their chace
 The wond'rous to pursue,
 And both in country and in town,
 The courtier cit and clown,
 Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready-made they make,
 Historians must be true ;
 How therefore shall we find a road,
 Thro' dissertation, song or ode,
 To give you something new.

They say virginity is scarce,
 As any thing in prose or verse
 And so is honour too.
 The papers of the day imply
 No more than that we live and die
 And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth,
 In melancholy, or in mirth,
 Then what shall ladies do.
 Seek virtue as th' immortal prize ;
 In fine be honest and be wise
 For that is something new.

SONG.

SONO

E

To

To Bridges street they need but go,
 They there will be befriended.
 The sign's three hairs, one pair of stairs,
 'Tis truth, depend upon't fir,
 She's clean and nice, a crown's the price
 To *kiss* this female tonfor.

S O N G.

The SILENT FLUTE.

AS Damon late with Cloe sat,
 They talk'd of amorous blisses :
 Kind things he said, which she repaid,
 In pleasing smiles and kisses.
 With tuneful tongue of love he sung ;
 She thank'd him for his ditty :
 But said one day, she heard him say,
 The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young Damon, who her meaning knew,
 Took out his pipe to charm her ;
 And while he strove with wanton love,
 And sprightly airs to warm her ;
 She begg'd the swain to play one strain,
 In all the softest measure,
 Whose killing sound would sweetly wound,
 And make her die with pleasure.

Eager to do't, he takes the flute,
 And ev'ry accent traces ;

Love trickling through his fingers flew,
 In tender warbling graces.
 He did his part with wondrous art,
 Expecting praises after ;
 But she, instead of falling dead,
 Broke out into a laughter.

Taking the hint as Cloe ment,
 Said he, my dear be easy :
 I have a flute, which tho' 'tis mute,
 May play a tune to please ye.
 Then down he laid the smiling maid ;
 He found her kind and willing.
 He play'd again, and tho' each strain
 Was silent, yet t'was killing.

Fair Cloe soon approv'd the tune,
 And vow'd he play'd divinely ;
 Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,
 It goes exceeding finely.
 The flute is good that's made of wood :
 And is, I own, the neatest ;
 But ne'ertheless I must confess,
 The silent flute's the sweetest.

S O N G.

AS Wit, Joke and Humour together were sat,
 With liquor a plentiful stock,
 Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,
 The watchman bawl'd, " past twelve o'clock."

At

At that hour I've read, oft spirits do come,
 And poor timid mortals affright,
 Just then in that instant, one enter'd the room,
 An ancient pale face, meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd and the candles burnt blue
 Wit and humour began for to stare ;
 Cries out, Joke ! "look'e friends, this is nothing new,
 " Behold !—see, 'tis only Old Care."

" I know he would tell us, 'twas Time sent him here,
 " And tell us 'tis time to be gone ;
 " But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,
 " We'll finish him e'er it be one."

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,
 Resolving of Care to get free ;
 Wit mov'd it;—and strait they all join'd in consent
 To lay the ghost in the red-sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,
 And fav'rite toasts they went round ;
 When humour well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh :
 Quoth he, " how Care looks now he's drown'd

When loud shouting began, huzza they all cry'd,
 " We're rid of this troublesome guest,
 " Fill your bumpers around, let this be our pride,
 " To sing, laugh, and drink to the best."

Now

Now their blood running high with a conquest so
 great,
 To singing and drinking they fix ;
 With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,
 And decently parted at fix.

S O N G.

Dedicated to the BRETHREN of that NOBLE ORDER.

To the Tune of—Tantararara Mask all.

BRother Bucks all attend to the theme I shall sing,
 And in chorus so loud make the cieling to ring,
 From thence to the skies let your voices resound,
 While each heart glows with mirth, and the bumpers
 go round. Sing tantararara Bucks all.

But first to our GRAND let us due homage pay,
 And may each grateful Buck his lov'd edicts obey;
 May his breast fraught with candor be open and free,
 And may all in *high station* be *honest* as he.

Sing tantararara, &c.

From sacred records our sanction we trace.
 Of old NIMROD the *Buck*, who was fond of the *chace*,
 But since that our *Order's* so general become,
Bucks are ev'ry where made, both *abroad* and at *home*.

Sing tantararara, &c.

Now to *Bucks* of all sects in a health let us join,
 Here's the *Bucks* of the *Bell*, and the *Bucks* of the *Vint*,
 Here's

Here's the *Lodge* at the *Platter*, and likewise to those
Of our *Order* so true, at the *Sun* and the *Rose*.

Sing tantararara, &c.

Let him therefore who rails at our high *appellation*,
Whate'er be his worth, or whatever his station,
Weigh maturely the point,—and pray hard for
good luck,

Or its twenty to one but *incog* he's a *Buck*,

Sing tantararara, &c.

Here's the *Politie Buck*, whose high antlers well
tipp'd,

Shakes his purse at the world while his Doe's fairly
leap'd ;

Here's a glass of condolance to each plodding cit,
That's familiarly buck'd by a *Lord* or a *Wit*.

Sing tantararara, &c.

Here's Sir *Gravity* too in a bumper so clear,
Who oft at our sanction casts many a sneer ;
'Tho' in *public* he rails, yet in *private* we know,
He's a *Buck* every inch,—I appeal to his *Doe*,

Sing tantararara, &c.

Now to Bucks all kinds we have toasted success,
Here's the sweet pretty *Does*, for can true *Bucks* do
less ?

Then join in the chorus with accents so shrill,
And may each jolly *Buck*—have a *Doe* at his will.

Sing tantararara Bucks all,

S O N G

S O N G.

A LOVE SONG in LOW LIFE.

BY the side of a green stagnate pool,
 Brick dust Nan sat scratching her head,
 Her matted locks frizzled her skull,
 As bristles the hedge-hog bespread :
 The wind tost her tatters abroad,
 Her ashen brown beauties reveal'd ;
 A link-boy to her through the mud,
 Bare-footed scamp'd over the field.

O my love, though I cannot well jaw,
 (This pliar at playhouse began)
 Not tobacco so sweet to the chaw,
 As to kifs is the lips of my Nan.
 O my love, cries the mud-colour'd she,
 And gave him a rib-squeezing hug,
 I'd sleep in a cellar with thee,
 Though bit by each blood-sucking bug.

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
 To the south of the horizon lower'd ;
 Their wedding to keep in the dry,
 To a stable they hastily scour'd ;
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,
 Undaunted they took their repose :
 All the night in the litter they snor'd,
 And wak'd the next morning to louse.

S O N G

S O N G.

HANS CAVEL'S RING.

Alter'd from Prior.

A Cobler there was and he liv'd in a Stall.

COndemn not ye critics, my song, nor yet
 marvel,
 That I sing the Old Tale of the ring of Hans Carvel;
 Dan Prior it was who first penn'd it in verse,
 Then deign to attend while the Tale I rehearse.
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

This doting old Letcher, infirm and decay'd,
 Came to town for a buxom young wife, as 'tis
 said;
 She was sprightly and gay, and had wit too at will:
 And her tongue, like most women's, would seldom
 lie still.

Derry, down, &c.

When her mind undisturb'd was with troubles
 and cares,
 And her thoughts disengag'd from domestic affairs,
 She would wake in the morning about nine or ten,
 Drink her chocolate, and fast asleep fall again.
Derry, down, &c.

At

At Noon, as 'twas usual, the lady arose ;
And by Two she perhaps would have slip'd on her
cloaths :

And if dear Col'nel Careless had happen'd to come,
She would then condescend to stay dinner at home.

Derry down, &c.

The dinner once over, abroad in the park
She would ramble a turn or two, till it was dark ;
'Till at length such vagaries gave Carvel some pain,
And strange jealous whimsies possess'd the Knight's
brain.

Derry down, &c.

With a view to reclaim then his frolicksome wife,
The good man recommended amendment of Life ;
Bid her only reflect how short-liv'd beauty was,
Saying all men are frail, and all flesh is but grass !

Derry down, &c.

But how vain his Attempt to produce Reformation,
She held him and his cant in alike detestation,
And whatever the fractious old Fumbler could say,
The Col'nel and she went abroad e'ery Day.

Derry down, &c.

At length, tir'd out with impatience, he cry'd,
Some method or other must surely be try'd :
And if in this case I should question the Devil,
'Tis but to prevent a much greater Evil.

Derry down &c.

Talk of Satan, they say, and he straight will
appear.

And the proverb was instantly verify'd here :
For one night with vexation he went to bed sick,
And who should he see in a dream, but old Nick ?

Derry down, &c.

What spectre art thou, and what wouldst thou
have ?

My name, Sir, is Satan says he, and your slave ;
I am come, honest Hans, to remove all your grief,
Take this Ring, and it shortly give you relief.

Derry down, &c.

Wear this on your Finger, you need not to fear,
But your bus'ness will quickly be done to a Hair ;
For as certain as ever I look'd over Lincoln,
That shall ne'er come to pass which you tremble to
think on.

Derry down, &c.

Then thrusting the Ring, beyond the main joint,
Hans in raptures exclaim'd, I've at last gain'd
my Point !
What point says, his wife ? why you drunken old
bear,
You've thrust in your finger—the Devil knows
where.

Derry down, &c.

Learn hence, ye old Dotards, this maxim from
me ;

No Charm can be found against impotency :

F

For

For however easy the Bus'ness may seem,
The Ring of Hans Carvel is nought but a Dream.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

An Invitation to the Court of COMUS.

By G. ROLLIS.

(Come, come, my good *Shepherd*, our *Flock* we may
shear).

C O M E, come, ye choice spirits, together resort
In your Holyday Suits to great COMUS's
Court ;

The heartiest of Bloods are the joyous and free ;
And who are so joyous, so happy as we ?

We harbour no precepts by dull Cynics taught,
We practice no rules, with sobriety fraught :
The thoughts of our hearts you may read in our
eyes,

For knowing no terror we need no disguise,

By sanctify'd maxims are hypocrites sway'd ;
But we all the children of pleasure are bred :
By her dictates alone we are guided to prove
The delights of the bottle, and raptures of love.

That giant the watchman we never can dread
His intrusion we punish by breaking his head :

Champa

Champa
And we

When
Whose
So joyous
And lea

An In

C O
Here's
To the
'Tis the
'Tis Co
Awhile

There
And his
While
And fit
Nor Ca
For Con

Should
ply the

Dream.
down, &c. Champagne and burgundy expel all our care,
And we toast the kind girl, be she black, brown or
fair.

IUS.
When love has possess'd us, some damsel we hire,
Whose eyes like the liquor inflame our desire :
So joyous and hearty we'll drink and be gay,
And leave sober cits to defraud and betray.

S O N G.

er resort.
Comus's An INVITATION to COMUS'S COURT.

free ;
COME hither, come hither, ye languishing
swains,
Here's a balm will cure, and relieve all your pains :
To the fountain of pleasure in rapture resort,
'Tis the summons of *Humour* to *Comus's* Court.
'Tis *Comus* invites, then the summons obey,
Awhile leave your cares, and to pleasure away.

There *Phæbus* shall sing, and old *Momus* shall laugh,
And his bottle of Nectar brave Bacchus shall quaff ;
While *Time*, honest *Time* for awhile shall be still,
And sit down like a *Soul* till he tipples his fill.
Nor *Care*, nor *Mistrust* shall intrude on our joys,
For *Comus* invites, then away my brave boys.

dread
ead :
Champ Should losses or crosses perplex ye, besure
Ply the glass briskly round. for misfortune a cure :

Æsculapius of old had recourse to the bowl,
 And the *Doctor*, they say, was a *special good soul*;
 While *Health*, rosy *Health*, fills the bumpers around,
 For without 'em, he swears, there's no bliss to be
 found.

Then away, my brave fellows, to *Comus's* shrine,
 Where *Friendship* and *Humour* incessantly join;
 Where *Freedom* and *Mirth* with the bottle unite
 To beguile all your cares, and with rapture delight,
 Then hark to the call, and the summons obey,
 'Tis *Comus* invites, to his *Temple* away.

S O N G.

By G. ROLLOS.

(*If Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?*)

IF chloe's an angel, why does she torment?
 If coquettish, O tell me, whence comes my
 content?

When I gaze on her beauty, why should I com-
 plain,

Or lament that she's fair, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Tho' so graceful her mien is, so scornful's her air,
 That at once she enthralls me with love and de-
 spair.

I approach her respectful, and when we're alone,
 By my Aspect dejected I make my grief known;

But

But, O, how I'm blest when so kind she appears,
 By some artful design to expel all my fears !
 When disguising her scorn, she encreases my flame,
 And fills me with raptures too boundless to name.

S O N G.

AN INVIVATION to PLEASURE.

To the tune of Humphry Gravot.

PLEASURE, goddess all divine,
 Come, O come, my soul is thine ;
 Come, O come, with graceful air,
 Come, and drive away dull care.

Care that suits with sordid minds,
 Such as fear or av'rice binds,
 Selfish, fullen, human brutes,
 Those alone dull care best suits.

Bring with thee sweet dimpled love,
 Cupid will with pleasure rove,
 Bacchus too must join the train,
 Bacchus prompts the jocund strain.

Merry Momus too appear,
 Momus is a foe to care,
 Let me, let me join the choir,
 Pleasure is my souls desire.

I'll with Bacchus tofs the glafs,
 And with Cupid toast my lafs,
 Or with waggish Momus laugh,
 Thus I'll love, and thus I'll quaff.

Hence with all your sober rules,
 Wretched pedants, prating fools !
 Musty morals I despife,
 Love and mirth can make us wife.

S O N G.

To the Tune, of, when I was a Young Man, I fat
 in the Parlour.

THE girls of Killenny, so buxom and frisky,
 Wou'd oftentimes treat me with claret and
 wisky. Botheroo Didderoo.

Cafe why, I cou'd dance sing and caper so gaily,
 And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shilaley.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

But Cupid the blinker that arch mischief-maker.
 For Ruggedy Madge caus'd my bowels to quake
 Sir.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Oh ! Ruggedy Madge was the fair creature's name
 Sir.

For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame Sir.
Bretheroo, Didderoo.

But Oh ! when I came to address and adore her,
I tumbled down backwards straits forwards before.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

Sweet creature said I——can you fancy a lover,
That now will conceal what he now will discover.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

But she with her looks and her tongue gan to jeer
me,
And shutting her eyes——was resolv'd not to hear
me.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

Struck dumb with this usage, said I you false
creature,
You'll meet with your match neither sooner nor
later.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then all ye young lovers by me take a warning,
And pay no regard to their flouting and scorning.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
For it magnifies nothing to die melancholy.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then

Then when you are dead, they will treat you with
laughter,

And call you a fool all your life ever after.

Botheroo, Didderoo,

S O N G.

The AMOURS of the CATS.

A BURLESQUE-ODE,

By G. ROLLOS.

R E C I T A T I V E.

TWAS dead of night, when, as historians
say,

The sisters weird pale Hecate's call obey :
When on the chimney, or along the wall,
The furry tribe are heard to catterwaul ;
Tybert, the largest of Grimalkin's race,
In Cloacina's temple * took his place,
Where well he knew fair mopsy did resort,
To whom he long in vain had paid his court :
There while he purr'd—tho' understood by few,
Except to such as well cat language knew,
He yell'd in hideous catter-wauling strains,
His dismal moan—which thus the muse explains :

* Cloacina was the goddess who presided over the common
sewers, whence the definition of cloacina's temple here-mentioned,
we take to be the necessary house,

SCRIBLERUS,

A I R

A I R,

(Despairing beside a clear stream.)

O mopsy, for whom e'ery night,
 I sit here and wait all alone,
 Forsake not your poor Tybert quite,
 But lend a kind ear to his moan ;
 And while thro' the gutters you range,
 Or over the house-tops you stray,
 Say, is it, ah ! is it not strange,
 That you never will crawl down this way ?

To please a young kitling like you,
 O what shall a tabby cat say ?
 Is it blacky alone can subdue,
 The lilly-white Mopsy I pray ?
 For you I neglect my employ
 Of catching the mice in the barn ;
 Unheeded the grain they destroy,
 Regardless they eat up the corn.

As once we so lovingly sat,
 And together we watch'd all the day,
 If it chanc'd that I kill'd a great rat,
 My mopsy had share of the prey ;
 But now I disconsolate mew,
 And make the house ring with my yell,
 No Mopsy will answer me now ;
 So, hard-hearted Mopsy farewell !

R E-

I R

R E C I T A T I V E.

He said—when, lo ! the temple's summit shakes;
 And now, with panic terror struck—he quakes,
 His bristled black confess'd poor Tybert scar'd,
 When the tiles rattling o'er his head he heard,
 And thro' the unroof'd dome he Mopsy saw,
 With a huge boar-cat fighting—claw for claw :
 Now to his mistress' succour strait he tries,
 And dart his talons in his rival's eyes.
 Who fled—thus vanquish'd by the chance of war,
 And left behind rich spoils of scatter'd fur :
 The rescu'd female joyful wags her tail,
 And her deliv'rer thus proceeds to hail :

A I R.

(No nymph that trips the verdant plain),

No more shall brave Tybert complain
 Of Mopsy's cruelty ;
 Since he from Pluto's fierce attacks,
 At length has set me free :
 In honour of this great event,
 Shall cats and kitlings all,
 Within the stately Temple make,
 One glorious catterwaul.

Then, to the goddess of this place,
 Each night we'll sacrifice,
 And make the vaulty roof resound
 With our harmonious cries ;

For
T
Shal
A

The
T
A gi
A
Ther
O
Whi
O

Signi

V
Vat i
To m

* C
author
likewi

For

For her the firstling of our love,
That meet the wat'ry doom,
Shall with these odours intermix,
And rise one rich perfume.

The rest who happily escape
The cruel caticide *
A gilded collar shall adorn,
And silver-bell beside :
Then let the cat-call's tuneful sound,
Our nuptial rites proclaim !
While bards in loftiest strains shall sing,
Of Tib and Mopsy's fame.

S O N G.

Signior CATGUTTINA's Lamentation.

A Burletta.

R I C I T A T I V O.

VERE is mine lose, mine pretty dammoseina
Dat she no come to make mine shirt look
cleaner ;
Vat is the reason she no come before,
To mend mine preeches, vish so much are tore.

* Caticide—this term (according to Mr. Bailey, the ingenious author of the English dictionary) implies a destroyer of cats, likewise the action of cat-killing.

A I R

(60)

A I R.

To the tune of, Dearest creature of all nature,

Dammoseina

Neat and cleana

O my lofely beauteous lafs,

Put some ftitches

In my preeches,

Or de folks—vill fee mine a—fe,

Put some ftitches

In my preeches,

Or de folks—vill fee mine a—fe.

Or de folks, &c.

Bring some soap to vafh and fcowe,

And some ftarch, or elfe some flower ;

Hafte, O hafte, mine lofly fair,

Vile I curl and pinfh mine air.

Dammoseina neat, &c.

Vid mine fidel I'll delight ye,

Mufic charms will fure invite ye,

Come, O come mine Dammoseina,

To your faithful Catguttina.

Dammoseina neat, &c.

R B I C T A T I V O.

Vas ever man before in fuch a plight

Vat must I do ? to night, is Op'ra night—

But hark !—I hear her knocking at de door,

Come in you little, pretty, faucy ore.

ITALIAN

(61)

ITALIAN AIR.

S H E.

Eh ! feignior vat you call a me,
If you say such vorts encore,
I vil so cuff and maul ye,
I'll teach you call me Ore.
I'll teach you call me whore,
I'll teach you, &c.
I heard you say so just as I,
Vas coming at de door,
Vas coming at the door.
Vas coming at, &c.

RECITATIVO.

H E

By gar my angels I was in jest,
For ven I call you ore + I lose you best.

ITALIAN AIR.

Come den mine Dammoseina,
Here take mine rofel'd shirt,
And wash it nice and cleanna,
For Ah ! 'tis black as dirt ;
Den make mine Breeches whole and tight.
And I will—kifs you for't
And I will—kifs you for't.

G

S O N G

S O N G.

A NEW MEDLEY.

WHene'er I meet my Celia's eyes,
 Populous cities please me then ;
 And the busy hum of men.
 And the busy, busy, hum——
 And the busy, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me,
 And drink and drive care away,
 Drink and be merry,
 For why shou'd we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys ?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
 Goes thorough
 The charming Diore, lovely fair,
 Sweetest of——sweetest of thy sex adieu.
 Thou joys to great Cæsar,
 Long life, love and pleasure,
 Here's a health to the duke boys,
 Fill your glasses full :
 And let me wander not unseen,
 By hedge row elms, and hillocks green,
 And there I laid her down,
 And towzled her about,
 With my fal, la, la, fall, la, la, la, la.
 And I begah to say,
 Fair lady ! lay your costly robes aside ;
 No longer must you glory in your locks as before,

And

And if you will have her,
 You must fly in her arms, and catch her
 By the heigh ho ! who's above ?
 No body here but I my love,
 Shall I come up and see how you do ?
 Ay ! marry, who knocks at my chamber door ?
 'Tis I all shiv'ring and shaking
 Poor ensign Bevely.
 Dear Molly, for what shou'd we stay ?
 'Till our best blood, begins to run
 Down the red lane. down the red lane,
 Down among the dead men ;
 There let ambition fire thy mind,
 Thou wert born ——
 Ye mortals ! that love drinking,
 Apply yourselves to me :
 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, mad Tom,
 Drives all——all——all——before me,
 While to my royal throne I come ;
 Bow down, down, down,
 Bow down, down, down, down,
 Bow down, my slaves, and adore me ;
 Your sov'reign lord the king,
 Long live our noble king,
 God save the king :
 Send him victorious,
 Happy, happy, happy pair :
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 Shall fight, fight and record,

as before,
 And

The girls in our town,
 The black, the yellow, the fair, the brown :
 With an old woman cloathed in grey,
 Whose daughter was charming and young,
 And she was deluded away,
 By old Sir Simon the king;
 And young Sir Simon the squire,
 With Roger and Nell,
 Come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing.
 In pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home,
 For we're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
 And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet,
 Then sit ye awhile, and tipples a bit,
 For we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet,

S O N G.

The WAY TO WIN HER ; A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

YOUTHFUL and buxom—such the will o'
 fate ;

Dorinda mourn'd, alas ! her widow state :
 With sighs and tears, in dismal black array'd,
 She all the awful charms of grief display'd.

Such charms as soon a croud of lovers drew,
 Who lik'd her person much, and money too ;
 But ev'ry art they us'd was all in vain,
 For thus she vow'd she ne'er would wed again.

A I R.

To the Tune of Mingotte's Minuet.

Hear I swear it,
 Heav'n shall hear it,
 I will ever constant prove,
 To the dearest
 And sincerest,
 To my first and only love,
 Leave you wooing,
 Cease pursuing,
 All your fighting,
 Swearing, lying,
 Ne'er, O ne'er shall win me more.

RECITATIVE.

A smart young captain came among the rest,
 And in a diff'rent strain his love express'd,
 Not bowing, sighing, cringing, and all that,
 But hugs and kisses, to the business pat,
 And, while he clasp her struggling to his breast,
 In jocund vain the widow he address'd :

A I R

To the tune of Murdock O Blaney.

I prithee, no more of this old-fashion'd folly
ma'am,

'Tis a sin against nature, to waste thus your
prime,

Consider, you're youthful and handsome and joyful
ma'am,

If you love pleasure, now, now is your time;

Come then, let's away, my dear,

Make no delay, my dear.

I see by your eyes, that love thinks it no crime.

By heav'n, your charms are divine,

Your lips are like honey I swear,

If you will consent to be mine,

You shall not repent it, my dear.

RECITATIVE.

As the dark night yields to the approaching day,

So the blithe captain banish'd care away,

No longer sorrow faulters'd on her tongue,

But with a smile consenting thus she sung :

A I R.

To the Tune of Nancy Dawson.

Dear captain, I must needs declare,

Your jocund manner pleasing air,

Have done your business to a hair,
 And 'faith, I think you clever,
 With other arts you ne'er had won
 What mirth and humour now have done,
 You have finish'd well what you begun,
 And I am yours for ever.

S O N G.

Young Celadon's mistress was wonderous coy,
 Tho' she liv'd on his looks all the day,
 Not a word cou'd she squeeze from the amorous
 boy.

Not a syllable else could she say
 But, my Delia,
 Let me feel ye

Tal de rad de dad de dal dum di.

When he met the dear nymph, at a gate or a stile,
 He would hand her most gallantly o'er.

But a dunce in his courtship he was all the while,
 And address'd her again as before,

O, my Delia,
 Let me feel ye

Tal de rad de &c.

With a blush on her cheek, his petition she heard,
 Tho' she knew not the drift of her swain.

To the note of the throstle his voice she preferr'd,
 Which oblig'd him to sing it again,

Dearest

Dearest Delia,

Let me feel ye



Tal de rad de &c.

To a green mossy bank the inquisitive maid
By the favouring light of the moon,
With her comical lover unthinkingly fray'd,
Where the meaning she found very soon,
Of my Delia,
Let me feel ye

Tal de rad de dad de dal dum di,

S O N G.

A B U R L E S Q U E on

Ye Mortals, in Lethe.

YE bucks, and ye bloods, who're so jovial and
gay,
Who dress, and who rove from the park to the
play,
Who in drinking and singing do take such de-
light,
Who roar, and who rant, and who kiss all the
night ;
Obey the glad summons, to D-r-y's repair,
There frolic and drink, and there kiss aw-
care.]

There the old grave looking cit may rake and
sing on,
Secure from the scandal of what he has done,
There the bashful and young may be soon taught
the game,
For the doxies will teach them in kissing's no
shame.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

There the husband, secure from his plague of a
wife,
May soon please his palate, with the sweetness of
life,
For girls young and buxom, and black, red and
brown,
There wait but their cull's call to kifs, and lay
down.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

There's to all those gay souls, who around me ap-
pear,
Who spout, and who drink, and who kifs all the
year ;
Now, now, while we're young, let us these plea-
sures prove.

Then let's drink this toast, to the girl that we love.
Obey the glad summons, &c.

S O N G

S O N G.

The D R E A M.

YE critics, I pray, be not piqu'd at my theme,
What I'm going to tell you is nought but a
Dream :

Methought from *Jack Speed**, came an odd invitation,
To convene the *Choice Spirits* of this laughing
nation. Derry down.

I have promis'd, quoth *Jack*, at old *Pluto's* desire,
A grand *High Borlace* (for there's none shall be
higher)

And provided his *Highness* would honour the *Chair*,
That all the *Choice Spirits* that night should appear.
Derry down.

T'obey the command of my friend I soon hasted,
Nor a moment, (till all things were settled) was
wasted ;

To the place where the carriages inn'd, we soon hied
With *Sbuter*, *Matt. Skeggs*, and a hundred beside.
Derry down.

We soon left behind this terrestrial sphere,
And quickly to view did Elysium appear,

* The first Person who formed the *Choice Spirits* into a Society
who used in his Life-Time, to assemble at his House, the *White*
Horse-Inn, in *Fetter-Lane*.

Where swarms of odd creatures were kenn'd on the
shore,

Who, as they descry'd us, huzza'd more and more,
Derry down.

Jack Speed stepping forth with a welcome to all,
Conducted us strait to old *Pluto's* great hall,
Who seated aloft with majestic air,

Bid us set down and eat of the table's good fare.
Derry down.

Of various repasts we pertook with a glee,
Both immortals and mortals were happy and free,
'Till fully supply'd and the dishes remov'd,
Old *Pluto Jack*, ask'd what liquor we lov'd ?

Derry down.

Brandy-Punch, quoth our friend, is the liquor I think,
The *Choice Spirits* on earth, us'd in my time to drink,
—Why then, says old *Pluto*, if you'll undertake it,
I prithee, friend *Jack*, be so kind as to make it.

Derry down.

A rich bowl then was brought of a glorious size,
Had ye seen it, in faith 'twou'd ha' dazzled your eyes,
Full of good *English Brandy*, for *French* we ha' none,
Because 'twas a foe to *Old England* and—fun.

Derry down.

Then a true son of *Comus* and humour on earth,
Jack Beard, op'd the scence, full of music and mirth,

Quoth *Pluto*, such strains before I ne'er heard,
Fill your bumpers, my lads ; here's a health to *Jack*
Beard. Derry down.

With applause the wide hall, for some moments
had rung.

When *Lowe* was soon call'd on by *Beard* for a song;
That done, quoth old *Pluto* ;—'tis charming I trow ;
Fill your bumpers agin ; here's a health to *Tom Lowe*.
Derry down.

George Stevens, a bard of good spirits and wit,
To enhance the gay scene with his humour thought
fit.

O bravo ! says *Pluto*, 'tis glorious, by heavens ;
Fill the glasses around ; come, your health, *Master*
Stevens. Derry down.

Ned Shuter, for humour and drolley fam'd,
For a comical *Catch* was the fourth that was nam'd
Ha ! ha ! cries old *Pluto*, I'm cur'd for the future
Adieu to the *spleen*--Here's to merry *Ned Shuter*.
Derry down.

The next was *Matt. Skeggs*, with his droll nose
chin,

Who tipt us a grunt eh, eh, eh, and a grin :
Pluto swore 'twas a pleasure to live with such wag
And a bumper tofs'd off to his lordship *Matt Skeggs*.
Derry down.

Then *Hickman* began with a soft lulling strain,
 That like music celestial thrill'd soft thro' each vein;
 Quoth *Pluto*, such notes must revive e'en a *sick man*;
 Come, your glasses, my lads, fill up to *Joe Hickman*
 Derry down.

Then *Reynolds* and *Bowyer* rose up with their flutes,
 When the company all were as silent as mutes:
 He that likes not such music (quoth *Pluto*) has no ear,
 So we'll tofs off a bumper to *Reynolds* and *Bowyer*.
 Derry Down.

Then *Roaker* and *Massef*, with *Collins* and *Yates*,
 Join'd with *Hammond* and *Harbin*, to baffle the fates;
 When *Pluto* no longer could give out the toast,
 But was fairly oblig'd to relinquish his post.
 Derry down.

Confusion and uproar succeeded amain,
 'Till 'twas time to return to *Old England* again
 When full of good liquor these turbulent blades,
 With a drunken huzza, bid adieu to the *Shades*.
 Derry down.

S O N G

THE HONEST FELLOW.

HO ! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your *Phillis* and *Cloe* no more ;
 H Their

Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a rout.
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape,
 But we honest fellows, 'sdeath who'd ever think
 Of puling, for love while he's able to drink.
 Of puling &c.

'Tis wine only wine that true pleasure bestows,
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king,
 The Man, &c.

If Cupid assualts you, there's law for his tricks,
 Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six ;
 The precedent's glorious, and just by my foul ;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
 Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolick, a song, and a laugh ?
 My toast shall be this whilst I've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound ?
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

CANTATA

A S J
 O
 Just as h
 His dear
 With joy
 First such

Forg
 Thy
 Thy
 Like
 Thy
 Hav

Com
 Ther
 No b
 Dare
 He i
 That

Bess, swell
 Must Joey
 o, no,
 and we'll

CANTATA.

The SANDMAN'S WEDDING.

RECITATIVE.

AS Joe the sandman drove his noble team.
 Of raw-rump'd asses, sand ho! was his theme;
 Just as he turn'd the corner of the street,
 His dear lov'd Bess the hunter chanc'd to meet :
 With joy cried woa ! did turn his quid and stare ;
 First sucks her gums, and then address'd the fair.

A I R.

Forgive me, if I praise thy charms,
 Thy darting eyes, lips, neck and arms ;
 Thy breasts to Joe always appear
 Like two small hills of sand, my dear ;
 Thy beauties, Bess, from top to toe,
 Have stole the heart of sandman Joe.

Come wed, my dear, and let's agree,
 Then of the gin-club you'll be free ;
 No brickmaker or ragman's frow
 Dare then reproach thee Bess for Joe ;
 He is the kiddy rum and queer,
 That all St. Giles's boys do fear.

RECITATIVE.

Bess, swell'd with gratitude, at length reply'd,
 Must Joey proffer thus, and be deny'd :
 No, no, my Joe shall have his heart's delight,
 And we'll be wedded ere we sleep this night.

Well spoke, quoth Joe, no more need say.
Gee up Galloway ; d'ye want any fand to-day.

A I R.

Joe quickly his fand had sold, fir,
And Befs got a basket of rags,
Then up to St. Giles's they stroll'd, fir,
To every bunter Befs brags.
Then unto the gin shop they pike it,
And Befs was admitted, we hear ;
For none of the crew dare but like it,
As Joey her kiddy was there.

Full of glee, untill ten that they flarted,
For supper Joe sent out a win :
A hog's maw between them was parted,
After they had fill'd it with gin.
So 'twas on an old leather trunk, fir,
Marry'd they were, ne'er to part :
But Bessy she being blind drunk, fir,
Joe drove her away in his cart.

S O N G.

The F O R T U N E - H U N T E R.

To the tune of— *A soldier and a sailor.*

ATtend unto my prate, fir,
And you shall hear how late, fir,

A ton
In hop
And
But ma
And
And in
She serv'
T

The co
The la
The S
In fanc
And
Like
He tho
Dulcini
As goo
Nor

At leng
Reveal
When
Prepar
But
A mes
Was at
A bulk
Which
And

A tonſor woo'd a lady,
 In hopes to touch her *ready*,
 And much to win her ſaid;
 But madam ſmelt a rat, fir,
 And found what he'd be at, fir,
 And in the ſequel mind, fir,
 She ſerv'd him in his kind, fir,
 This fortune hunting blade.

The courtſhip he purſu'd, fir,
 The lady ſeem'd quite good, fir,
 The *Shaver* hugg'd himſelf, fir,
 In fancy told her ſelf, fir,
 And bleſt his happy fate :
 Like *Quixot* famous knight, fir,
 He thought that all was right, fir,
Dulcinia's golden charms, fir,
 As good as in his arms, fir,
 Nor dream't ſhe'd prove ingrate.

At length, the happy dawn, fir,
 Reveal'd the long-wiſh'd morn, fir,
 When *Puff* in all his pride, fir,
 Prepar'd to ſheet his bride, fir,

But mark the dire event :
 A meſſage from the lady,
 Was at the door already ;
 A bulky bag he bore, fir ;
 Which ſeem'd a wondrous ſtore, fir ;
 And to him did preſent :

My Lady sends her service,
Says, here what you deserve is,
And hopes that you'll approve, fir,
This token of her love, fir,

And so he took his leave ;
The heroe's joy abounded,
But soon was quite confounded,
When, lo ! upon my word, fir,
The bag was fill'd with t—d, fir,
Which made him rant and rave.

Learn hence ye bilking squires,
To quell your high desires ;
Your empty prate and noise, firs,
Will prove but meer decoys, firs,
To gain a lady's mind :
From popish arts refrain, firs,
Or all your hopes are vain, firs,
Not think that female beauty,
Consistent with its duty,
To such can e'er be kind.

S O N G.

THE SPECTACLE MAKER.

(O Delia how fond and how speetblefs am I.)

AS upright and strait as my *post* is the fair,
Her skin with my *polisher* vies ;

Her

Her B
And

As fab
Her
My *sc*
Com

A tool
She
But fa
Wh

A *met*
We
Which
Diff

(B
BY
We'll

And

Her Breath may with fresh-melted *cement* compare,
And with *well polish'd glasses* her eyes.

As *fable* her hair as the *small-coal* I use,
Her teeth my fine *putty* bespeaks ;
My *seventh-wash'd em'ry* its colour must lose,
Compar'd with the dye of her cheeks.

A *tool* on which *concave* for *myops* are ground,
Shews the spherical from of each breast ;
But say, ye opticians, what *tool* can be found,
Whereby all their velvet's exprest ?

A *meteline Speculum* void of a flaw,
Well figures her action's perfection,
Which o'er the most beauty my eyes ever saw
Diffuses a *splendid reflection*.

S O N G.

LOVE and WINE.

(*Brisk Wine makes us gay and 'tis beauty leads on.*)

BY Bacchus and Cupid assisted, we'll sing
The charms of good liquor and love ;
We'll carouse in soft pleasure, for time's on the
wing,
And the wine shall our sorrows remove.

CHORUS,

C H O R U S.

We'll be jovial and gladsome, and cheerfully
smile,
While Peggy and claret the minutes beguile.
Then take off the glass in a health to the fair,
And let it go merrily round ;
Let's despise e'ery symptom of anxious dull care,
While with transport and mirth we abound.

C H O R U S.

We'll be jovial and gladsome, and cheerfully smile,
While Peggy and claret the minutes beguile,

'Tis the generous nymph and the sparkling Cham-
pagne.

That afford us such bliss and delight ;
They enliven our joys and expel e'ery pain,
And crown us with blessings all night.

C H O R U S.

Then jovial and gladsome we'll cheerfully smile,
While Peggy and claret the minutes beguile.

Then first with brisk nectar we'll cherish the heart,
And drown all our cares in the bowl ;
Then to the kind fair one our wishes impart,
And with beauty replenish the soul.

C H O.

We'll
While P

COM
An
For ever
And a fi
There's

To jig i
There's

Begin
We'll le
No says
We'll fi
Then e
And eve
Then

Strik
I pray t
Conten
For thi

C H O R U S.

We'll be jovial and gladsome, and cheerfully
smile,
While Peggy and claret the minutes beguile.

S O N G.

The C O U N T R Y W A K E.

C O M E lassies and lads, take leave of your dads,
And away to the may-pole hie :
For every he, has got him a she,
And a fidler standing by ;
There's Willy has got his Jill, and Johnny has got
his Joan,
To jig it, jig it. jig it, jit it, jit it up and down.
There's Willy has got his Jill, &c.

Begin says Harry, aye, aye, says Molly,
We'll lead up Packington's pound ;
No says Nell, and no says Doll,
We'll first have allinger's round :
Then every man did put his hat off to his lase,
And every maid did curtsy, &c. on the grafs,
Then every man did put, &c.

Strike up says Wat, agreed says Kate,
I pray the fidler play ;
Content says Hodge, and so says Magde,
For this is a holliday :

Then

Then every man began to foot it round about,
And every maid did jattty, &c. in and out.

Then every man began, &c.

You're out says Dick, you lie says Nick,
The fidler plays it false ;
So says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says nimble Ales ;
The fidler then began to play the tune again,
And every maid did trip it, &c. unto the men.
The fidler, &c.

Let's kifs says Nan, content says Jane,
And so says every she ;
How many says Nat, why three says Matt,
For this is a maiden's fee ;
But they instead of three, did give them half a score;
The men in kindness, &c. gave them as many more.
But they instead, &c.

Then after an hour, they tripp'd to a bow'r,
To play for ale and cakes :
And kiffes too, until they were due,
The maidens held the stakes ;
The women then began, to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kiffes back, and give 'em
their own again.
The women then, &c.

Thus they sat, until it was late,
And tir'd the fidler quite ;

With finging and playing, without any paying,
 From morning until night :
 They told the fidler then, they'd pay him for his
 play
 And each gave two pence, &c. and went their way.
 They told, &c.

Good night says Cis, good night says Pris,
 Good night says Harry to doll ;
 Good night says John, good night says Joan,
 Good night says every one :
 Some ran, some went, some staid, some tarry'd by
 the way,
 Each bound themselves in kisses twelve, to meet the
 next holliday.
 Some ran, some went, &c.

S O N G.

The RARITIES OF LONDON. A MEDLEY.

(*Ge ho Dobbin.*)

COME Roger, and listen to where I have been,
 Ize tell thee what wonderful zights I have
 zeen ;

Such places for pastime, as now bear renown,
 In that famous zity, called fair London town,

Oh brave London ! Oh sweet London !

In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

(*John*)

(John and Betty.)

First you must know,
 That we did go
 Into the zity :
 And zaw not far
 From Temble-bar,
 The wax-work pretty.

(I made love to Kate, &c.)

Then they carried me,
 To church built by St. Paul ;
 Tho' thousands I did zee,
 'Twas bigger than 'em all,
 And up the winding stairs,
 Amaz'd, we did ascend ;
 So many, waunds ! I thought,
 We ne'er shou'd zee an end,
 But how I gap'd and star'd,
 When to the top we came,
 Had you been in my place,
 Why you'd have done the zame.

(Tom loves Mary passing well, &c.)

To Guild-hall next we did repair,
 That we might view the giants :
 They told me they stood always there,
 To bid the French defiance.

That

That when they heard the clock strike one,
 They would come down and greet me :
 I cod I did not like such vun,
 I was afraid they'd eat me.

(Stick a pin there.)

And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
 The lyons, the armour, and crown to behold ;
 When the show-man at last bid the lasses so fair,
 In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there.
 Stick a pin there, &c.

(My fond Shepherdess of late, &c.)

Back to Westminster-abbey we stray'd,
 Where are zeen all the kings, queens, and tombs,
 But I never zaw since I was made,
 Such a number of deadly high rooms.
 Then the organs play'd up, too so fine.
 What the boys sung I understood not :
 But the people in chorus did join,
 That in heaven I thought I was got.

(The Attic Fire.)

At play-house too I did admire,
 A man who walk'd upon a wire,
 As thof it was the ground ;
 And then the zails of our old mill,
 When mov'd, compar'd with him, stand still,
 So fast he did turn round.

I

(Kit

(Kitty Fell.)

But now the time, alas ! was come,
 When I must think of going home,
 Ah me, unhappy clown !
 I dream of what I'd zeen, all night,
 And early by the morning light,
 I left dear London town,
 Charming London ! happy London !
 Adieu ! dear London, London town.

S O N G.

A MAD WORLD my MASTERS.

Tune, Push about the brisk bowl.

GOOD folks give attention, I'll make you
 all smile

At my wit, if you'll let me but shew it,
 'Tis a merry mad song, that was written e'er
 while,
 By the pen of a merry mad poet.

That most folks are mad, those of sense will
 agree :

Some for this, some for that, and the other :
 The husband as mad as his wife you may see,
 And the sister as mad as her brother.

Some p
 And
 Some a
 Whil

The mi
 Grow
 Still ma
 But v

The po
 Look
 The ga
 And go

The sp
 Fron
 And th
 Whi

The lo
 And
 The fa
 And

The la
 The

Some

Some people are mad for the want of a title,
 And some for the want of estate;
 Some are mad with too much, as are some with
 too little,
 While ev'ry one curses his fate.

The miser who eagerly grasps all his store,
 Grows mad while he fingers the pelf;
 Still madder whenever he thinks there is more,
 But what does not belong to himself.

The poor starving wit, with his stomach so keen,
 Looks mad at the want of a dinner;
 The gamester grows mad, when he find's that he's
 bit,
 And good luck turns the brains of the winner.

The spouting young clerk, with his compting-
 house face,
 From *Dryden* or *Otway* rehearses;
 And thinks with the crow'd for a *Garrick* to pass,
 While madly he mangles their verses.

The lover is mad when for beauty he sighs,
 And kneels at the foot of the fair,
 The fair one is mad for believing his lies,
 And vainly indulging her care.

The lawyer is mad at the time of vacation,
 The doctor is mad for his fee,

The statesman is mad with the cares of the nation,

The nation's as mad full as he.

S O N G.

The SERVANT's medley.

H O U S E M A I D.

(*Nancy Dawson.*)

I pray ye, gentles list to me,
I'm young, and strong, and clean to see;
I'll not turn tail to any she

For Work, that's in the country;
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake.
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.

F O O T M A N.

(*Your humble servant madam.*)

Behold a blade, who knows his Trade
In chamber, hall, and entry ;
And what tho' here, I now appear,
I've serv'd the best of gentry.

A footman would you have,
 I can dress, and comb, and shave,
 For I a handy lad am,
 On a message I can go,
 And slip a billet-doux,
 With your humble servant madam.

C O O K - M A I D.

(Ob the roast beef of old England,)

Who wants a good Cook, my Hand they must
 cross;
 For plain wholesome dishes i'm ne'er at a loss,
 And what are your soups, your regouts and your
 sauce,
 Compar'd with the beef of old England &c.

C A R T E R.

(Gee ho dobbin)

If you want a young Man, with a true honest
 heart,
 Who knows how to manage a plough and cart,
 Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try;
 You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I,
Ge ho dobbin, &c.

(90)

C H O R U S.

(Balance a straw.)

My masters and mistresses hither repair,
What servants you want you will find in our Fair;
Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be;
And as for the wages, we shan't disagree.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

What cheer my bonest messmates,

THere was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river dee;
He work'd and sung, from morn 'till night,
No lark more blith than he,
And this the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be:
I care for no body, not I,
If no one cares for me,

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in the Same.

(From the east breaks the morn.)

LET gay ones and great,
Make the most of their fate,

From

From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light :
 The blisses I find,
 No Sting leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. LOWE at Vauxhall.

ON the white cliffs of Albion, see Fame where
 she stands,
 And her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring
 lands ;
 Of the natives free born, and their conquests she
 sings.
 The happiest of men, with the greatest of kings.

George the Third she proclaims, his vast glory re-
 peats,
 His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets ;
 Whom nor castles or rocks can from honour retard,
 Since e'en death for their king, they with scorn
 disregard,

O ! but see a cloud burst, and an angel appears,
 'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears ;
 Say, Fame, cry'd the maid, is't not time to give
 With sieges and famine, explosions and gore.

His just rights to assert hath the king amply try'd,
 Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide,
 Then no longer in rage let dread thunders be hur'd
 But leave him to me, and give ease to the world.

'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,
 The blest word is gone forth for the good of man-
 kind ;
 'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, than to spare,
 And our King is a Briton, deny it who dare.

To Hodgson and Keppel let bumpers then smile,
 And to all our brave troops, who have taken Bel-
 leisle,
 May they meet just reward, and with courage ad-
 vance,
 Still to humble the pride and the power of France.

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to
 the king,
 To the Duke and the Princess, and make the air
 ring ;

May

May the days of great George, be all happy and
 long,
 And the man * still be right, who yet never was
 wrong.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in Village.

(Ye prigs who are troubled with conscience's qualms)

Ons ! neighbour, ne'er blush for a Trifle
 like this.

What harm with a fair one to toy and to kifs ?
 The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace;
 Would do the same thing, were they in the same
 place.

No age, no profession, no station is free :
 To sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee :
 That Power, resistless, no strength can oppose :
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

S O N G.

Diana's Hunt.

RISE, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy's the
 morn,
 Diana's been long on the plain ;

* Mr. Secretary Pitt.

Hark

Hark ! hark ! 'tis the sound of the hounds and the
horn,

Repeated by echo again :

Then to horse, my brave boys, to the chace let's
away ;

For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay.

If our hounds, when they're dragging the wood-
lands around,

Unkennel the fox from his den ;

Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,

A puff should be started——oh then

So ho, crys our huntsman, so ho, she's in view,

Then with hounds in full cry we'll the pastime
pursue.

But, if we should meet with an out-lying deer,

The pastime so royal we'll rouse ;

Pursue him, till slain, where he flies, without fear,

And ne'er the glad sight of him lose :

Neither hedges, nor ditches shall set us our bounds,

Whilst our hunters are good, we'll keep up with the
hounds.

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return,

To enjoy our dear bottle and glass ;

And all be as ready as ever, next morn,

To go back to the jovial chace :

Thus Nimrod's diversion we'll keep in renown ;

And, each night, with a bumper, our day's sport
we'll crown,

S O N G.

THE ecchoing horn calls the sportman abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds.
 Upbraids our too tedious delay;
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,
 O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies ;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like bacchanals, shouting and gay ;
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day :
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in village.

(The morning fresh, the sun in East.)

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear,
 From fraud, disguise, and guile ;

Neat

Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing ;
What more than mirth wou'd mortals have ?
The chearful man's a king.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTALL Love in village.

(*Murdoch a Elaney.*)

WAs ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen?
Zawns ! madge don't provoke me, but
mind what I say ;
You've chose a wrong parson for playing your
tricks on,
So pack up your alls, and be trudging away ;
You'd better be quiet,
And not breed a riot ;
S'blood must I stand prating with you here all Day ;
I've got other matters to mind ;
Mayhap you may think me an afs ;
But to the contrary you'll find ;
A fine piece by the mass !

S O N G.

To the Tune of—The Roast Beef, &c.

WHEN humming brown beer was the Eng-
lishman's taste,

Our wives they were merry, our daughters were
chaste,

Their breath smelt like roses whenever embrac'd,

O ! the brown beer of Old England,

And O ! the Old English brown beer.

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the town,

Our ancestors by their own fire-sides sat down ;

Their bread it was white, and their beer it was
brown.

O ! the brown beer, &c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquests we boast,

Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast.

O ! did we so now, we should soon rule the roast.

O ! the brown beer, &c.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did ap-
pear,

Our sailors each one drank a jorum of beer,

And sent them away with a flea in their ear.

O ! the brown beer, &c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,

Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to cheer;

K

Then

Then preach'd against vice, altho' courtiers were
near

O ! the brown beer, &c.

Their doctrines were then authentic and bold,
Well grounded on scripture, and fathers of old ;
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

For since the geneva and strong ratafee,
We are dwindled to nothing, but—stay, let me see,
Faith, nothing at all, but more fiddle-de-dee.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

S O N G.

B A R T H O L O M E W - F A I R,

Tune, Young Strephon he went t'other Day, &c.

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and
fattins,
We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and
pattens ;
Yet as merrily old English ballads can sing o,
As they at their opperores outlandish ling o ;
Calling out, bravo ankcoro and caro,
Tho'f I sing nothing but bartelmew fair o.

Here was, first of all, crowds against other crowds
driving,

Like wind and tide meeting each contrary striving;
Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and
shrieking,

Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-
girls squeaking,

Come my rare round and sound, here's choice of
fine ware o,

Though all was not found sold at bartelmew fair o.

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and showing of
postures,

With frying black puddings, and op'ning of oysters;

With salt-boxes, solos, and gallery folks squawling:

The taphouse-guests roaring, and mouth-pieces
bawling.

Pimps, pawnbrokers, strollers, fat landladies sailors,

Bawds, bailies, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers and
taylors.

Here's punch's whole play of the gunpowder plot.
fir.

Wild beasts all alive, and pease porridge all hot,
fir ;

Fine sausages fried, and the black on the wire ;

The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.

Here's the up-and downs; who'll take a feat in the
choir o.

Tho' there's more up and downs than at bartelmew
fair o.

Here's

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
The chaise without horses, and queen of Hungary;
Here's the merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come
who rides, fir.

Wine, beer ale, and cakes, fire-eating besides fir.
The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,
And some men and scholars- are not much his
betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong
gay things ;

Our passions like children are tempted by play-
things ;

By sound and by show by trash and by trumpery,
The fal lalls of fashion, and frenchify'd frumpery.
What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare?
And thus ends the balled of Bartelmew fair o.

S O N G.

The BACCHANALIANS.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of
mirth,

Whence jollity springs, and contentment has birth;

What mortals so happy as we who combine,

And fix our delight in the juice of the vine :

No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,

Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,

Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our

Our laws are our own, not enforc'd by the crown.
 And we stand in them fair, till we fairly fall down:
 Attacks or repeals we disdain to repine;
 Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine :
 To Cæsar and Bacchus, our tribute is due,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 To Cæsar, &c.

His worship so grave, here may revel and roar,
 The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so before ;
 The parson here stript his priest-hood's disguise,
 And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;
 The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,
 So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 The husband, &c.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
 We seldom break neck, tho' we oft crack a pate ;
 If wars rise among us they soon again cease,
 One bumper brings truce and another brings peace :
 'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 'Tis this, &c.

S O N G.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
 mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half
 divine,
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with
 wine,
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But shou'dst thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G.

The same is intitled and called MOLLY'S DELIGHT,
a Nexcellent New Ballit by the *Kritikal Sofiaty*.

Sung by Befs Tatter at the Corner of Blow-bladder
Street.

YOUNG Strafron he went t'other day to the wake,
For sum huckle-my-buff and a ginger-bred
kake ;

But oh he was bobbish and joyous and jolly,
When on the gay green he diskiver'd his Molly.

Dear Molly she came all along the gay grene,
As fine as a horse or a ginger-bred queen ;
Young Strafron he bufs'd her, and made her a bow,
And look'd if so be as he could not tell how.

With that they begun without any pother,
A talking of this, and of that, and of t'other ;
And tho' she would pish, and wou'd cry, let me go,
He hugged her likewise, and he squeeg'd her also.

Being the Moral.

Come all ye young youths of Saint Larince's parish,
Who loves ev'ry thing that is finish and rarish,
Be joyous and bucksome, and bobbish and jolly,
Sing Molly and Strafron, and Strafron and Molly

S O N G

S O N G.

The T R U E E N G L I S H M A N.

Tune Shawnbree.

YE rakehells so jolly,
 Who hate melancholy,
 And love a full flask and a doxy ;
 Who ne'er from love's feats
 Like a coward retreats,
 Afraid that the harlot shou'd p— you ;
 While we live till we die,
 To the Shakespear let's fly,
 Where we shall find both in great plenty ;
 With the juice of the wine,
 Our senses refine,
 And drink till the hoghead is empty.

Here, Tompkins, more liquor,
 Z—ds man ! bring it quicker ;
 Champagne, by all true toppers courted ;
 Without those damn'd tricks,
 French brandy to mix,
 But genuine, neat as imported :
 While thus cherrey merry,
 Let Harris and Derry
 With faces uncommon supply us ;
 Poll French and Bett Wemys,
 And such batter'd old brims,
 Ye pimps, let them never come nigh us.

A N. Now each joyous fellow,
 While thus we are mellow,
 And the fume of the grape does inspire ;
 While that's to be had,
 Let's be drunk and be mad,
 And fling all our wigs in the fire ;
 Break bottles and glasses,
 Bilk landlords and lasses,
 What rascal our humour dares hinder ?
 If any presume
 To come into the room,
 We'll throw the dog out at the window.

Like Quixote of old,
 As we have been told,
 Let's fally in search of adventures ;
 Mother Douglass we'll rout,
 Kick her bullies about,
 And knock down the watch if he enters ;
 Drink and whore all our lives,
 Lie with other men's wives,
 Debauch ev'ry damsel we hit on ;
 Swear and curse, and tell lies,
 And all order despise ;
 And this is the life of a Briton.

S O N G.

The CUP-BOARD LOVER.

Dicky I love, and I'm fond of the Name,
 Tho' he courts another despising my Flame :

To

To pull her coif for her I'll not be afraid,
Since I am neglected for such a poor jade :

I'd have her to know,

Tho' in tatters I go,

I have money to shew, which she han't I'm afraid.

The tit bits I sav'd him, both pudding and pye,

Which he in a corner would ask for so fly,

I gave 'em him then, to be constant he swore ;

O had he been so he'd have had ten times more :

But now I will eat

All the good things I get,

Tho' I'm choak'd, not a bit shall he have to devour,

Then with his Maux to Pot Allen's he goes,

And there he sits drinking and smoaking his nose,

With gin and tobacco his doxy does treat,

And hot-pot so costly, and kisses so sweet ;

At late in the night,

I went out of spight,

To view their delight, I their joys did defeat.

For as they went home Dick look'd back and
turn'd pale,

And his dearest to hold by the hand did not fail,

For fear she should fall ; and I swear by this light

They both tumbled into the cart-rut outright :

I saw them there wallow,

Then gave them a hallo,

For they could not follow, so I bid 'em good night

S O N O

S O N G.

In answer to the Foregoing.

MOLLY, thy rhimes have rekindled my flame,
And I burn like fresh tinder at hearing thy
name,

Thy eyes are as bright as our candles by night,
Newly clipt by the snuffers to burn with more
light :

No Nanny shall take me,

I ne'er will forsake ye,

If a pudding you'll make me, my dearest delight,

The pot is a boiling, old mistress not here,
And there lies the cellar-key—fetch me some beer :
How sweet is thy face when a smile is thereon !

But thou art slow-footed—why art thou not gone ?

I'll mingle the flour,

But don't stay an hour,

May prithee don't lour—I'll kiss thee anon.

How sweet are thy lips ! how charming thy eye !

I'll drink up my liquor, for sorrow is dry ;

Thy hand is much softer than velvet or plush,

If it had never known mop, broom or brush :

My dearest, believe me,

I ne'er will deceive thee,

Rather than leave thee, we'll wed with a rush.

But

But if a Gold Ring I by Chance can procure,
O that, my dear Molly, will make the work sure;
For a rush is too tender and apt to be broke,
Than how sillily we at each other should look!

Our Nancy would jeer us,
Whene'er she comes near us,
Nay, I vow I am serious in what I have spoke.

For to Morrow we'll go to our good doctor White,
And I swear by this mug he shall do us both right;
We'll fend Nan a willow—a very good Joke!
Come, here is a Sixpence, pray let it be broke;
Now you know my meaning,
Away to your cleaning,
For I'd not be seen in this place by our folk.

S O N G.

In Praise of PORTER, and other STRONG BEER.

COME drink, my boys, your spirits cheer,
And do at nought repine;
To chase Despair and drown your Care,
Toss off some barley-wine.

And a toping we will go,

In praise of Claret and Champagne,
Let others be profuse,
With such those elves may please themselves,
Give me some Barley-juice.

And a toping,

The p
Out
Then
It's

Tho' C
I nev
No girl
Whil

S O N

MOS
B
That you
But
For we an
Some fat,
Our pride
Will

The product of our native soil,
Out-vie the grapes of France ;
Then Britons-like, let's drink about,
It's value to enhance.

And a toping, & .

Tho' Cloe treats me with disdain,
I never will repine ;
No girl on earth shall give me pain,
Whilst I have barley-wine.

And a toping, &c.

SONGS, in a piece of two acts, called
A FAIRY TALE,
Taken from SHAKESPEAR.

Mr. L O V E.

MOST noble Duke, to us be kind ;
Be you and all you courtiers blind,
That you may not our errors find,
But smile upon our sport ;
For we are simple actors all,
Some fat, some lean, some thort, some tal
Our pride is great our merit small ;
Will that, pray, do at court ?

L

Mr. Y A T E S.

Shall tinkers, weavers, tailors, dare
To strut and bounce like any play'r,
And shew you all, what fools we are,
And that way make you sport ?
Our lofty parts we could not hit,
For what we undertook unfit ;
Much noise indeed, but little wit,
That will not do at court.

Mr. P A R S O N S.

O would the Duke and Dutcheſs smile,
The court would do the ſame a-while,
But call us after, low and vile,
And that way make their ſport :
Nay, would you ſtill more paſtime make,
And at poor we your purſes ſhake,
Whate'er you give, we'll gladly take,
For that will do at court.

S O N G.

Miſs W R I G H T.

KINGCUP, Daſſodil and Roſe,
Shall the fairy wreath compoſe ;
Beauty, ſweetneſs, and delight,
Crown our revels of the night ;
Lightly trip it o'er the green,
Where the fairy ring is ſeen ;

(III)

So no step of earthly tread,
Shall offend our lady's Head.

Virtue sometimes droops her wing,
Beauties bee may lose her sting :
Fairy land can both combine,
Roses with the eglantine ;
Lightly be your measures seen
Deftly footed o'er the green ;
Nor a spectre's baleful head,
Peep at our nocturnal tread.

S O N G.

Miss W R I G H T.

YES, yes, I know, you are he
That frighten all the villagree ;
Skim milk, and labour in the quern,
And bootless make the hufwife churn ;
Or make the drink to bear no barm,
Laughing at their loss and harm,
But call you Robbin, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and bring good luck.

Yes, you are that unlucky sprite !
Like Will-a-whisp, a wandering light,
Through ditch, thro' bog, who lead astray
Benighted swains, who lose their way ;
You pinch the flattern black and blue,
You silver drop in hufwife's shoe ;

For call you Robin and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and bring good luck.

D U E T.

Miss F O R D, **A** W A Y, away,
 I will not stay,
 But fly from rage and thee,
Miss R O G E R S, Begone, begone,
 You'll feel, anon,
 What 'tis to injure me.
Miss F O R D, Away, false man !
 Do all you can,
 I scorn your jealous rage !
Miss R O G E R S, We will not part ;
 Take you my heart !
 Give me your favourite page.
Miss F O R D, I'll keep my page !
Miss R O G E R S, And I my rage !
 Nor shall you injure me,
Miss F O R D. Away, away,
 I will not stay,
 But fly from rage and thee.
B O T H, Away, away, &c.

S O N G.

Maſter R A W O R T H,

COME, follow, follow me
Ye fairy elves that be ;

O'er tops of dewy grass,
 So nimbly do we pass ;
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk.

S O N G.

Miss W R I G H T.

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.
 Philomel with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here :
 Hence, you long-leg'd spinners hence ;
 Beetle black approach not near,
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence,
 Philomel with melody, &c.

(114)

S E C O N D A C T .

S O N G .

Miss R O G E R S ,

UP and down, up and down,
We will trip it up and down ;
We will go thro' field and town,
We will trip it up and down.

D E U T ,

Master RAWORTH and Miss WRIGHT

WELCOME, welcome to this Place,
Fav'rite of the fairy queen ;
Zephyrs, play around his face.
Wash ye dewes, his graceful mein.

Pluck the wings from butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his eyes :
Round him in eternal spring,
Grashoppers and crickets sing,

By the spangled starlight sheen,
Nature's joy he walks the green ;
Sweet voice, bright eyes, and graceful mein,
Speak him thine, O fairy queen !

S O N

(115)

S O N G.

Miss W R I G H T.

FLOWER of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of her eye ;
When her lord she doth espy,
Let him shine as gloriously,
As the Phœbus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if he be by.
Beg of him for remedy.

S O N G.

Master R A W O R T H,

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing ;
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever spring, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

S O N G

Master R A W O R T H.

SIGH no more lady, sigh no more,
Be not inconstant ever ;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
For you'll be happy never.

SONG

S O N G.

S A L L Y M O O R E.

FOR a shape and an air sure never was seen,
 Such beauty was ne'er known before ;
 The poets may prate o'the cyprian queen,
 She's nothing to sweet Sally Moore.

When she warbles her voice to the tuneful guitar,
 Enraptur'd I cry o'er and o'er ;
 Here music and love are conjunctive I swear,
 They're center'd in sweet Sally Moore.

Each accent she utters love plays in her eyes,
 To its force I was stranger before ;
 The first time I saw her I found with surprize,
 'Twas in vain to resist Sally Moore.

Not beauties exterior alone do adorn,
 But beauties in mind she has store ;
 Such sense and good nature, sure never was born,
 Like those in my sweet Sally Moore.

And once what I treated with scorn and disdain,
 Now gladly embrace and adore ;
 Not a day in the week can I ever refrain,
 From the sight of my sweet Sally Moore.

In my arms the dear charmer how oft I intwine.
 And her beauties I loudly adore,
 The toper himself wou'd quit Bacchus's shrine,
 For a kifs of my sweet Sally Moore.

Amidst the gay round when she leads up the dance,
 The youths all in transports adore
 Cries Damon one night (as he looked askance)
 " No nymphs like the sweet Sally Moore."

Then come my dear girl, blefs the fondest of men,
 To the church let us haste, I implore;
 Oh ! grant me this boon—and in consequence then
 I'm sure to be happy in — Moore.

S O N G.

FEW WORDS ARE BEST.

WHEN I was a girl I had often heard tell,
 Of the sweets and sow'rs of marriage ;
 But I was determin'd perchance it e'er fell,
 To venture good luck or miscarriage.

It happen'd that once an acquaintance of mine,
 By free consent of her mother,
 A pretty young fellow in wedlock did join,
 I wish'd — for just such another.

So

So happy they seem'd and so pleasant they were,
 I vow'd I'd be married - and soon,
 For I thought I wou'd sacrifice all I declare,
 Tho' 'twere, but for the honey moon.

Perhaps you may call me pert forward bold thing,
 And your noses turn up in a scoff,
 But none of you all tho' you flounce and you sing,
 Of a husband wou'd e'er declare off.

But blest be the fates the day and the hour,
 That Corydon brought to my sight ;
 His sense and good nature's a kingdom and dow'r,
 My Corydon all my delight.

In words fewer words then lovers oft say,
 To church we consented to go ;
 With pleasure I promis'd to love and obey,
 I wish every one would do so.

Long courtships——believe me——are nothing but
 wind,

Your angels and diamonds a jest ;
 For always I think if I speak out my mind,
 Few word to a bargain is best.

And now my whole care's to please my dear mate,
 No jarring or brawling we know,
 No arguments holding of this and of that,
 But fonder and fonder we grow.

Hail wedlock—blest'd state—where each can agree,
 But woful to those who've miscarried ;
 But I with my Corydon, live, as if free,
 Sing blest be the day that I married.

S O N G.

RAT IT I'll never be MARRIED.

WHenever I wed I'll have all things my way,
 In nothing I'll are be debarr'd,
 For sooner than e'er he may will shou'd gainsay,
 Ud rat it I'd never be marry'd.

So many have thought, perhaps you may say,
 And often this point have miscarried ;
 But it signifies nothing I will have my way,
 Ud rat it I'd never be marry'd.

To be snubb'd, and be fool'd, that I never can bear,
 For that faith I always have parry'd ;
 And afore that a man shou'd be master I swear,
 Ud rat it I'd never be marry'd.

Shou'd ought go awry he shall frown and shall chide
 If absent I chanc'd to have tarry'd ;
 On my word, mighty fine, on such terms to be ty'd,
 Ud rat it I'll never be married.

I plenty of sweethearts have had in my time,
And each thought the day to have carried,
Some courted in prose and others in rhyme,
But none of the fools I e'er married.

For the way to live easy is single to be,
In wedlock what hopes have miscarried,
No fellow on earth shall e'er controul me,
For rat it I'll never be married.

S O N G.

The P O R T R A I T.

GO view the rose in all it's pride
Where natures greatest skill is :
Whose damask blush attracts the eye,
Such are the cheeks of Phillis.

Like as the arches gradual curve,
(Whose builders greatest skill is,
The circle nicely to extend,)
Such are the brows of Phillis.

Clear as the soft meand'ring stream,
That purling from yon hill is ;
Bright as the diamonds piercing light,
Such are the eyes of Phillis,

Fair as the ermine view the maid,
 Not half so fair the lillies ;
 Lillies nor ermine can compare,
 Such is the skin of Phillis,

Like as the cherry's beauteous hue,
 Where natures greatest skill is ;
 Behold 'em their in scarlet pride,
 Dwell on the lips of Phillis.

Center'd in beauty virtue dwells,
 Her temper all good will is ;
 Too weak my Pen correct to draw,
 The portrait of my Phillis.

S O N G.

The REJECTED LOVER,

Resolv'd to love I Polly woo'd,
 The nymph I did adore ;
 I sigh'd and pin'd, — as lovers do,
 What cou'd a youth do more ?
 No nymph was e'er so fair—I thought
 Her eyes like sparkling ore ;
 I us'd all arts as lovers use,
 And none could do no more.

But she for love disdain return'd
 Tho' kneeling I'd implore ;

M

Yet

Yet she was deaf to ev'ry sigh,
 And I cou'd do no more.
 O say ye youths ! was this not hard ?
 That I'd no pitying pow'r,
 That I ! in vain so oft should plead,
 So oft, in vain adore ?

At length quite weary'd with despair
 Seeing she'd not comply ;
 I, by degrees, resum'd the man.
 And Polly did defy.
 For sighs and tears I found were vain
 No pity cou'd implore ;
 I try'd each soothing tale and song
 What cou'd a youth do more.

Of Polly now no more my muse,
 My heart's once only store ;
 I did all that a man cou'd do
 And none could do no more.
 Farewel ! ungrateful girl farewel,
 That ever lived since Adam,
 I've nothing more then this to say
 Your humble servant madam.

S O N G.

The RESIGNATION.

WHAT means my Cloe thus to frown
 When she's alone my care ;

S O N G.

MY goddess Lydia, heavenly fair,
 As lilly sweet, as soft as air,
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies :
 Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me Ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in bliss,
 That I may mix my soul with thine.
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky whey is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood,
 Thou art all over endless charms ;
 O ! take me dying to thy arms.

S O N G.

NO more let sorrow pain you,
 Here love alone shall chain you,
 And ev'ry joy restore ;
 New pleasure shall detain you,
 No liberty has more.

S O N G.

THUS Damon knock'd at Cælia's door,
 The sign was so :
 She answer'd, no,
 No, no, no,
 Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd ;
 No, Damon, I'm afraid ;
 Consider, Damon, I'm a maid :
 Consider,
 No ;
 I'm a maid,
 No, &c.

At last his sighs and tears made way ;
 She rose, and softly turn'd the key ;
 Come in, said she, but do not stay ;
 I may conclude
 You will be rude,
 But if you are, you may.

S O N G.

NOT Eden's garden did disdain
 That pleasing passion love,
 Where free from guilt, and ev'ry pain.
 Adam did gaily rove.
 Nor tides of furies' raging fires,
 That follow a wanton chase,
 Meer vapours rais'd by hot desires,
 That vanish with disgrace.

How guiltless may I meet the flame
 Of Cynthia's purest breast,
 While friendship makes us still the same,
 With ev'ry virtue drest ?
 Her mind at first a conquest made,
 Her graceful mind I must approve ;
 Her wisdom chearful still appear'd,
 And justify'd my love.

Trust not to features, fleeting charms ;
 Nor hug a painted toy ;
 Those age or sickness soon disarms,
 Warm air will this destroy.
 Let tender passions take their turn
 And virtue lead the way ;
 Where minds are match'd, they seldom mourn,
 Nor curse the marriage day.

(134)

S O N G.

K E E P I T U P,

L E D on by love,
With joy I rove
And take a chearful cup;
Unknown to care,
The charming fair,
I kifs and keep it up.
Keep it up, keep it up,
I kifs and keep it up.

The brown, the fair,
The débonair,
Of charmers make the group,
Then day and night,
'Tis my delight,
To kifs and keep it up,

But there did shine,
Some friends of mine,
A buck, a beau, a fop ;
They drank, they rov'd,
They kifs'd, and lov'd,
But could not keep it up ;

For Hymen's bands
Now tye their hands,
And make their courage droop ;

They curse their fate,
And find too late,
They cannot keep it up.

Tho' beauty gains,
It me not pains,
Nor makes my spirits droop ;
For blythe as May
I range away,
Still kifs and keep it up.

If some I find
To love inclin'd,
And marriage make their hope ;
I never wed,
But in its stead,
I kifs and keep it up.

S O N G.

NOW Europe enjoys repose from her wars,
And fair-fac'd commanders sleep fearless of
scars :
Lads, list under love, and your lessons I'll teach,
To the breast-work advance, and then batter in
breach.

Derry down, &c.

As Venus commands, for engagement prepare,
Cupid's campaigns, our foes are all fair ;

As fair let us fight and make proper seizure,
Here's a health to our ensign the standard of pleasure.

Derry, &c.

The wish of the sportsman shall first be recounted,
Like him, each fair lady loves well to be mounted:
The lover in this toast has likewise a share,
For he, huntsman like, is for seizing the hare.

Derry, &c.

Ye sportsmen whose stomachs for feeding are fit,
Call the cook, here, we'll give him four hams on
one spit;
And lest you should think yourselves not fully fitted,
Here's the meat which best baits itself when 'tis best
spitted.

Derry, &c.

Come, my lads, to your lips the brimming glass lift
May we ne'er want courage when put to a shift;
And that we may seldom of happiness miss,
May we kiss where we please, and still please where
we kiss.

Derry, &c.

May our mistresses always be pleas'd to receive,
And carefully save what we bountifully give;

Ab

And when keeping time, to depart we are ready ;
May our dying be happy, revival be speedy.

Derry, &c.

One health, my brave boys, with your leave, I must
teach,

In view let's have pleasure, but ne'er out of reach ;
Here's the nest in the bush, and the bushe's best
friend,

And the bird who his life in that nest loves to spend.

Derry, down.

Let us now toast some female ; the first my muse
greet

Is the book binder's wife, who well stitches in sheets

Next the brown female reaper, who tight sheepmen
handing,

So well does her work—not a handful leaves stand
ing.

Derry, &c

Here's the miller's wife's music worth all other tunes

When the sluice is set open, and strong under the
stones :

Call the maker of baskets, his wife's worth a bottle

She'll strip the bark down, and yet still keep the
cottle.

Derry, &c

To the lafs, who lamb-like, be a bumper replete,
Who ftill wags her tail as fhe tastes of her meat;
Here's the cole-hole of Cupid, may ev'ry buck
win it,

And to all equal joy in the critical minute.

Derry, &c.

Here's the handsome young house-maid that's all
on her guard,

To keep the stones clean and well scour the yard;
And her architect sister, the joy of the people,
Who the stones can remove tho' she pulls down the
steeple.

Derry, &c.

The natural chymist by natural heat,
The essence of life from such quarries can get :
But of all the fond females the girl I most prize,
Is the fond full furr'd female, the judge of a size.

Derry, &c

Now a truce to our toast, but one more will I name
Since we've enter'd the lists to protect the black
game,

Here's the centry that stands at the cock-pit commanding,

And the centinel at midnight, uncover'd, well-
standing.

Derry, &c.

Re-

Remember lads, life's but a summer's short day,
Then while our youth shines, let us joyful make
hay :

Joy is all we live for, let's equally share it,
Here's the harvest of life, love, wit and good claret,
Derry, &c.

S O N G

The FISHMONGER,

Tune, A Cobler there was, &c.

A Jolly young fishmonger liv'd in the Strand,
As merry a grig as was known in the land,
For when at the Dolphin they met round the bowl,
He would drink like a fish, and was reckon'd a foal.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

His heart that had been, for twice fifteen years past,
As sound at a roach, was, he found, touch'd at last,
With an arrow as sharp as a hook, it is said,
Cupid caught him, and made him in love with a
maid.

Derry down, &c.

This damsel might well a bright beauty be stil'd,
Her cheeks were as red as a lobster when boil'd ;
Her eyes too, as learned historians remark,
Were just like two whittings when plac'd in the
dark.

Derry down, &c.

When he ask'd her the question at first she seem'd to
 And vow'd that no mortal her ling should enjoy;
 And when her soft bosom he offer'd to feel,
 She dab'd him, and flipt thro' his hand like a reel.
 Derry down,

At length by intreaty the jade grew so free,
 She stroak his fat gills, as she sate on his knee;
 And what too perhaps you may think very odd,
 She always delighted to play with his cod.
 Derry, down,

It happen'd one day in good humour he found
 He caught her and laid her as flat as a flounder
 'Then did what he pleas'd in a loving embrace;
 Oh! who would not wish to have been in his place.
 Derry down,

Some months had roll'd on, when the neighbour
 smelt out.

What Jack and his handmaid had both been at
 'They giggled and pointed, would cry out of it
 A thornback has got a red herring with spawn.
 Derry down.

S O N G.

YOUR musty old rules,
 Are for dull thinking fools,
 Who to wisdom make awkward pretences;

But the world is so wise,
 All schemes to dispise,
 Which prohibit th' enjoying five senses.

I'll rove and I'll range,
 My lover's I'll change,
 Since changing in females is common ;
 The dull life of a nun,
 All fine ladies shun,
 For pleasure's the soul of a Woman.

S O N G.

The MERRY FELLOW.

TIS wine makes us love, and love makes us
 drink,
 And each does the other improve ;
 All mortals must know, who feel or can think,
 No pleasure's like drinking and Love :

Then join 'em, my boys, make the blessing
 divine,
 For men must be Gods, when they've women and
 wine.

Then bring us of both, and double each joy,
 I hate to be languid and cold ;
 I think myself Jove, while these I enjoy,
 Nor own myself mortal till old.

Cho. Then join 'em, &c.

When old I am grown, and toying is past,
 In wine I must place all my Joy;
 And tho' I am unfit for love to the last,
 Yet still I can drink till I die.
 Cho. Then join 'em &c.

S O N G.

WHile on those lovely looks I gaze,
 To see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a blest amaze,
 His pleasing happy ruin.

'Tis not for pity that I move,
 His fate is too aspiring,
 Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
 Your slave from death removing,
 Let me your art of charming know,
 O leave me mine of loving.

But whether life or death betide,
 In love 'tis equal measure;
 The victor lives with empty pride,
 The vanquish'd die with pleasure.



A New Collection of TOASTS.

TO each hearty fellow
That's joyous when mellow.
Health, love, and liberty.
To the generous man who loves to spend with the
fair.

To every blade and merry buck,
Who loves a pretty girl — —.

Love's key-hole,

A dish of fish,

An honest foal, a pretty maid, a convenient plaife,
with a cod's head in the middle.

The female butcher,

That extracts the marrow without hurting the bone.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

The fairest in Middlesex, and the middle of the
fair sex.

The man of penetration, and girl of capacity.

May the fair sex suck feed.

May our members stand stiff to the commodities of
Great Britain.

Equal joy in the critical minute.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave, health
to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Suc

Success to the lover, joy to the beloved,
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

Money to him that has spirit to use it; and life to
him that has courage to lose it.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a
halter.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a
guinea in one's pocket.

Health, peace, and plenty.

May the single be married, and the married be
happy.

Success to the falling woman, and the falling
man.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time
to enjoy.

The pipkin that will stretch without breaking.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

The fountain in hair-court.

The cruel cobbler,

Run his all in his wife's belly, knock'd out his
foreman's brains, and hung his two apprentices
at the door.

The linen-manufactory,

Smock in one hand, and yard in the other.

The Siville orange,

Rough, agreeable, and juicy.

The industrious wife,

That says what her husbands spends.

The fair, the brightest, the blackest, the whitest.

be 1.0.

l life to

ogue a

t, and a

ried be

standing

have time

king.

d out his

pprentices

r.



e which